

WAR AND THE UNDERWORLD

January 1916

Price 6^p

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London, S.E.



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ALO FOR THE
FRONT

ounded Soldiers at War

Great Specific

WOUNDS, SORES, SCALDS

TIC - SOOTHING - HEALING

Have Wounds, Sores, Scalds

Wounds, Sores, Scalds

Wounds, Sores, Scalds

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TO BE SURE



TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS





In France, Flanders, Gallipoli—

or wherever he
is—send "him"
an AutoStrop
Safety Razor
Set, the Gift
he most needs



Comforts are few at the Front ; therefore give "him" the very real comfort of an AutoStrop Shave. Send him the only razor that strops itself and automatically keeps the blades sharp whether in Field, Camp, Dug-out, or on Ship-board. No other safety razor can be stropped without taking it to pieces, and no other razor is so easy to clean and so simple and handy in use. Just slip the strop through the razor itself and a few to-and-fro strokes put a new keen edge on the blade. There is no continual expense for new blades and no risk of running short when renewals are perhaps unobtainable.

The Guinea Set consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 "Valet" blades, and "Valet" horse-hide strop in leather-covered or nickel-plated case, complete **21/-**



No. 6 Set

contains, in addition to the above, 2 silver-plated tubes containing shaving-brush and shaving-soap **30/-**

No. 8 Set

contains the same as No. 6 with the addition of a pocket-mirror, and is cased in real pig-skin for extra hard wear **36/-**

AutoStrop Safety Razor

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR
CO., LTD., 61, New Oxford Street,
London, W.C.

And at New York, Paris, Toronto,
Dublin, Milan, Sydney, &c.

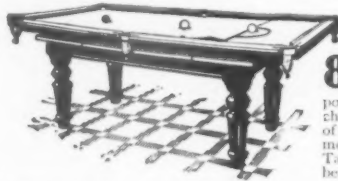
The word "VALET" on razors, strops, and blades indicates the genuine product of the
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61 New Oxford Street, London.

Home Billiards!—never was a jollier “whileaway” for empty Winter evenings

**3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day—you play as you pay
—and seven days’ Free Trial
Guarantees Your Satisfaction**

IN the vacant hours from dinner to bed-time—it’s then that the young people feel the boredom of doing-nothing—then’s the time to bring out the “Riley,” and in a trice you’ve got them so fascinated they’ll never think of looking outdoors for amusement.

Fascinating?—well, everyone seems to want a hand in it at once; and there’s one thing about Riley’s Home Billiards—everyone, from ten-year-old Tommy to grandfather, can easily become skilful on a Riley’s Billiard Table. And even the expert player finds that so well-finished and well-proportioned are Riley’s Tables that on the smallest size one can make the most delicate run-through stroke or long pot, and play every stroke with the same nicety as on a full-size table.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables.
To rest securely on any dining table. Solid mahogany. French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystal balls, and all accessories included.

Riley's no-trouble way to pay.

8/6 Send 8/6 postal order to us this evening, and within two or three days the 5-guinea size **Riley Miniature Table** (the most popular size) will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address within a mile of railway station. The remainder you pay in twelve monthly instalments of 8/6. Any other price of Table in 13 equal monthly payments, 5 per cent. being added to cash price.

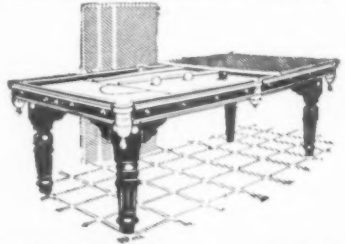
Size	4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.	4 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in.	4 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.	4 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	4 ft. 12 in. by 2 ft. 12 in.
£3 7 6	£4 7 6	£5 5 0	£7 5 0	£7 5 0	£10 0 0
Or in monthly payments	5 per cent.	being added to cash price			
8 8	7 9	8 6	11 6	10 6	

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table.

Handsome as a dining table and perfect as a Billiard Table. Solid mahogany; low frost-proof rubber cushions; best slate bed; patent automatic raising and lowering action. Dining-table top of highly polished mahogany.

Size 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	£13 10 0
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	£16 0 0
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.	£18 10 0
8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	£24 10 0
9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 8 in.	£32 0 0

Or in 13 monthly payments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices.



FREE.—On receipt of post card full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

TRY FREE—for Seven Days

Couldn't be a better guarantee of satisfaction than Riley's promise to accept the Table back if after seven days' trial you are dissatisfied. Send first instalment at once and make this test quite free.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Brandon Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms—147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.



"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	-	}	7^d.
Player's Medium Navy Cut	-		
Player's Tawny Navy Cut	-		

Per oz.

PLAYER'S "WHITE LABEL" NAVY CUT

6^d.

Also
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
DE LUXE
(a development of
Player's Navy Cut)



Packed in
2-oz. and 4-oz. airtight tins
at 1/6 and 3/-
respectively.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—

MILD AND MEDIUM

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 3/8; 50 for 1/10	100 for 3/-; 50 for 1/7

Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at
Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Printed

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Have You Accepted the New Hair Beauty Gift?

HARLENE HAIR DRILL PARCELS NOW FOUR-FOLD IN VALUE

Why Everyone Must Now Write for their FREE Hair Beauty Parcels

SPLENDID as has been the Harlene Hair Drill campaign for Hair beauty, everyone is now talking of Mr. Edwards' magnificent addition to his already enormously popular Harlene Hair Drill gift.

To-day there is offered not a Triple but a Four-Fold gift to all who will accept it. It is a gift that certainly those whose hair is causing them serious thought should accept, and equally those whose hair is healthy who desire to preserve its beauty should write for immediately.

As Mr. Edwards says:—"I know that I can teach anybody, no matter how bad the condition of their hair may now be, to grow hair in abundance, and I willingly make the offer to supply a million of my new Four-Fold Harlene Hair Drill parcels free to the public."

A FOUR-FOLD HAIR BEAUTY GIFT.

If you are one of those who have not yet tested this marvellous method of growing healthy hair, you cannot appreciate what a simple yet perfectly delightful toilet task this is, and in addition it must be remembered that behind "Harlene" and the famous "Hair Drill" method there is concentrated the science and a knowledge of a lifetime given to the study of hair culture.

To secure your Four-Fold Hair Beauty Parcel and commence your course of hair rejuvenation, which will incidentally take years from your appearance, simply fill in and post the form below.

This Parcel FREE.

Just think for a moment of the contents. You will then receive:

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene," the wonderful Hair - Grower, which has been proved to grow hair at any age, in the rich and lustrous abundance of health.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the most wonderful hair cleanser and scalp refresher in the world which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."

3. A trial bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine that gives a wonderful "final" touch of dressiness to hair beauty.

4. A copy of the specially - written Secret Harlene Hair Drill "Manual" of instruction.



Beautiful hair is yours for the asking. Fill in and post the form below for your Four-Fold Harlene Gift.

When you have tested, by sending for the Four-Fold Harlene Gift, the wonderful results Harlene "Hair Drill" will produce, you can always obtain larger supplies of Harlene in bottles at 1s. 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. and 2s. 6d.; and "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of 7 Shampoos, or single ad. from any chemist, or direct post free on remittance from Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Postage extra on foreign orders.

Everyone writing for the free Harlene Hair Drill Gift will receive particulars of a great £10,000 Profit-Sharing Distribution of Toilet Dressing Cases, which will enable them to practise beauty culture of the complexion and hair at home free of cost.

FREE "HARLENE HAIR DRILL" FORM.

Fill in and post to

EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward me free of all charge your "Harlene" Hair Drill Outfit. I enclose 4d. stamps to pay postage to any address in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name.....

Address.....

Cutler, Jan., 1916

P.S.



CENSOR (opening letter): What's the meaning of this? I have seen it in a great many letters:— 'DON'T FORGET THE P.S.'

CENSOR'S ASSISTANT: Oh, don't you know what that means?—
DON'T FORGET PEARS' SOAP.

CENSOR: Ah, yes, of course. I must make a note of that for myself.

Pears' Soap

is a great favourite at the Front and very helpful to the boys, enabling them to get a thorough washing at a moment's notice. Pears is most Refreshing and Exhilarating to the skin.

So don't you forget the P.S.

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," a facsimile of the world-famous picture by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 ins. by 19 ins., free from any advertising, will be sent post free on receipt of 11d. in stamps or postal order.

A. & F. PEARS, LTD., 71-75 New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.

Supremacy!

Like the British Army, the "Clemak" has firmly established its ascendancy. It may be outnumbered, it cannot be beaten. It may be attacked by every weapon known to commercial warfare, but still it triumphs. Sheer merit! That's the secret of "Clemak" success.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5 1/2

No loose parts to worry about and no adjusting—it's simplicity itself. And so safe you can shave in a dim light—or in the dark if necessary. Cleaned in a moment—Stripped in a minute—and a blade so keen that all the science in the world can't make it keener.

Obtainable from all **Cutlery, Ironmongers, Stores, &c.**, or post free: from the Clemak Razor Co., 17 Billiter Street, London, E.C.

Sole Australian Agents—W. PLANT & Co, MARKET STREET, SYDNEY.

5/- Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stripping handle and Seven blades.
 Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stripping Machine, with velvet hair Strip **10/6**

BRITISH MADE

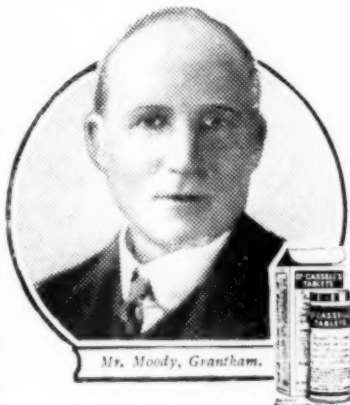
Poisoned Blood Ruins Health.

Another Amazing Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Here is a case which shows how Dr. Cassell's Tablets enable the human system to throw off impurities which may be poisoning the blood and destroying health. The testifier is Mr. J. H. Moody, of Ancaster Heath, near Grantham, where, interviewed recently, he said:—

"My trouble came on some years ago, and in the opinion of medical men was a form of blood poisoning, which may have been caused by certain chemicals I used to handle in connection with Agriculture. I became so weak that I could hardly get through my day's work, and at last had to give in altogether. I had no appetite, and very often what I did eat returned. My breath, too, was very short at times, and I was quite white with Anæmia. Always dull and drowsy, I could fall asleep at any moment. But it was the extreme weakness that was my worst trouble. I got weaker and weaker, and quite thin through not being able to take sufficient nourishment. Doctors prescribed for me, and I took their medicines, but I got no better. At last I had to go to hospital, where I remained for some weeks. I felt better after that, and a visit to the seaside still further helped me. When I came back I was able to work again, and went on for a bit fairly well. But by-and-by the trouble returned, and kept returning at intervals, particularly in the spring.

"I was feeling quite ill when I first got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but after a few doses I found they were doing me good, so I persevered with them. Soon I found I was set up again for work, but I kept on with the Tablets a bit longer, and the result was that I never felt weak or run-down all last year. I have worked steadily ever since, and I believe that with the help of Dr. Cassell's Tablets now and then I shall keep my health and strength as well as any man."



Mr. Moody, Grantham.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box BA62, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Spinal Paralysis	Anæmia	Mal-nutrition	Premature Decay
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fog

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1/3, and 3s. the 3s. size being the most economical.

YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by

Naunton's National Music System



This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to **you** just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

From a Composer: "I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one: "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a **THOROUGH** musician by your Course of instruction.

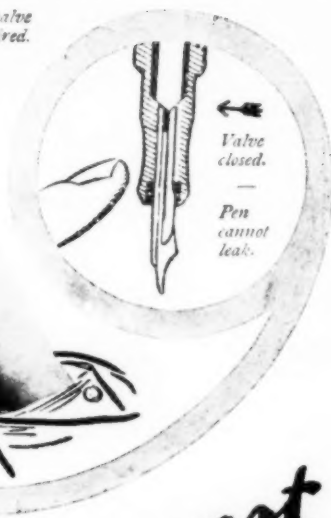
NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

THE QUIVER

This diagram shows how the valve shuts off the ink when not required.



It cannot leak

The Onoto is safe in any position. Shake as hard as you will you cannot shake out the ink once the pen is closed.

By a twist of the fingers you cut off the ink supply as surely as you cut off the current when you extinguish the electric light.

The same device enables you to regulate the ink flow to your own handwriting. The Onoto is emphatically the practical pen for practical men.

The Onoto Pen is a British invention, produced by a British Company with British Capital. It stands alone as the one really satisfactory Self-filling Safety Pen.

Do not make the mistake of sending the wrong kind of pen to the front. Send an Onoto, the Pen the soldier wants because it never leaks, needs no filler, and is always ready for use. You send it out full of ink ready to write. The Military size exactly fits the Soldier's pocket.

Onoto

THE Pen

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

Military Size Onoto, completely covered in Gold - £5.5-0
Many other models at all prices.
Black Vulcanite 10/6
Black Vulcanite, Two Gold Bands 17/6



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—A certain charm about real Scotch Brogues

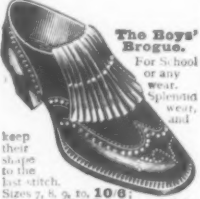


"Atholl" Men's Brogue.
Hand-made, leather lined through with fine dry Calfskin. Uppers of desirable Water-proof, Grain Calfskin.

Either in black or brown.
Post free, **27/6**
Same shoe in Black—better quality, **38/6**



Two-Buckle "Grampian" Brogue.—This superb make of Buckle Brogue Shoe for Ladies will stand any amount of hard usage and wetting. Made of stout flexible leather with uppers of Dark Red, Brown or Black Calfskin, soft and restful on the feet, absolutely bone dry, and keeps its perfect shape always.
Post free in Britain, **18/6**



The Boys' Brogue.
For School or any wear. Splendid wear, and keep their shape to the last stitch.
Sizes 7, 8, 9, to **10/6**;
11, 12, 13, 1, **11/6**; 2, 3, 4, 5, **12/6**;
6, 7 (Youths), **13/6**.



The Girls' "Grampian" Brogue.—There are very few better wearing shoes, always reliable, keeping their smart appearance to the last.
Child's sizes, 7, 8, 9, 10, **10/6**;
11, 12, 13, 1, **11/6**; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, **12/6** (for Maids).

—Apart from their utility, Brogues, if made in the right way, have a piquant atmosphere about them; something to do with their "mannish cut," and at the same time the effect of their attractive moulding, which makes them worthy to dress the daintiest foot.

And for wear, Norwell's "Perth" Brogues are surprising; they seem never to wear out—hard as nails; and always giving absolute comfort.

Remember, a shoe's just as strong as its weakest part; Norwell's "Perth" Brogues have no weakest part—the vital points are strengthened cunningly, and every stitch betokens lengthy wear.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

Direct from Scotland

Norwell's guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction—or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

D. Norwell & Son, Perth, Scotland
Specialists in good-wearing Footwear
(Established over 100 years)

Foreign Orders receive special attention.
Write NOW for New Footwear Catalogue.



Vapo Cresolene.
(ESTABLISHED 1879)



for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. It is a simple, safe and effective drugless treatment. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 35 years of successful use. Send postcard for Descriptive Booklet to Selling Agents—**ALLEN & HANBURY, Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.** For Sale by Chemists.

Peach's GREAT SALE
CURTAINS ALL MAKES
LINENS, HOSIERY, BLANKETS,
QUILTS, MAKERS' SALE PRICES.
Greatest Value ever offered. Benefit and Buy
from Stock on hand. Send for **SALE FOLDER**
and **DISCOUNT LIST** for this month only, post free.
B. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.



**Their Futile Fleet
Keeps out of sight;
No ships they'll meet,
Armed by Fluxite.**

For manufacturing Munitions of War.

FLUXITE

is used extensively. In all parts of the world
and for all kinds of Soldering Work, Fluxite is
known as the paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics WILL have Fluxite.

Of Ironmongers, etc., in 6d., 1/-, and 2/- tins.

The **"FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET**

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a
Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Price 4/6 Sample Set post paid United Kingdom, 5/-

Auto-Controller Co., 226 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.



"The Finest Tonic in the World"

"Whenever I feel run-down,
"mentally or physically, I
"turn to Hall's Wine. It has
"never yet failed me, and is
"in my opinion the finest
"tonic in the world."

From *Lieut. H. D., 20th Welsh Regiment.*

Day by day comes the same story,
from Camp, Home or Hospital
Hall's Wine *never had* such a
chance to prove its strengthening
value, and never has Hall's Wine
proved it more conclusively.

Hall's Wine will do you good too.
It will keep you up through stress,
anxiety, and strain: it will give you
the vitality and nerve and endurance
to "carry on" with cheerfulness
and courage. A short course will
quickly prove it.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If,
after taking half of it, you feel no benefit,
return the half-empty bottle to us, and we
will at once refund your entire outlay.

Large size, 3/6. Of Licensed Grocers, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

489

"The Hosiery Brand and its Value."

No. 3.

Enormous quantities of shoddy so-called wool are flooding the market

The scarcity of pure wool and its present high cost have caused the introduction of thousands of bales of inferior, unreliable, adulterated material for the manufacture of Stockings and Socks.

The bulk of this tremendous quantity of shoddy material is used in the manufacture of UNBRANDED goods

"Jason"

ALL UNSHRINKABLE
WOOL

**Quality Stockings
and Socks for Ladies, Children and
Men are guaranteed All - Wool**

When you see the Jason Tab on a pair of Stockings or Socks, you know that the reputation and goodwill of the first Hosiery House in England stand behind the goods. Unbranded Stockings or Socks carry no guarantee; their source of origin is unknown to you—and often to the retailer. You have no redress if the goods dissatisfy.

The Jason Brand protects you. Ensures replacement if the goods should shrink. Guarantees that the purest of Australasian Wool is used in the making of them; and the Jason Tab enables you to secure the finest, silkiest finish and most perfect comfort that science and skill ever put into Stockings and Socks.

Medes — the new All British Stockings and Socks.

These high-grade goods are made by the Manufacturers of "Jason" to compete in every respect with those hitherto sold of foreign make. "Medes" is the name given to those lines which are other than wool—fine, good wearing quality, made of the best grades of mercerised lisle or mixture.

The Illustration shows a tasteful design in Children's Medes Socks. Sold by Drapers and Outfitters everywhere, in very many new styles, plain and fancy, for Ladies, Children and Men.

**JASON HOSIERY CO.,
LEICESTER.**



SEND HIM SOME "DAISIES"

A. J. Castle, H.M.S.
"Queen Elizabeth,"
writes:

"I have handed
round the 'Daisy'
powders amongst
my shipmates, and
they have found
them the best cure
for headache and
migraine."



Dicker Cockburn, Army Service Corps, writes:
"The noise of the big guns is deafening, and you
think your head will burst. I have found that by
taking one of your famous 'Daisy' powders I
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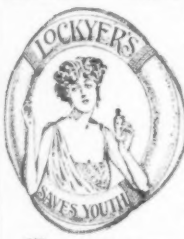
"Daisy" is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere
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may be sent to the front by ordinary penny post,
and it takes up practically no room in the haversack.
It is the most useful and most welcome gift you
can send to your sailor or soldier friend. "Daisy"
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Its quality of deepening
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Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural
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This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great
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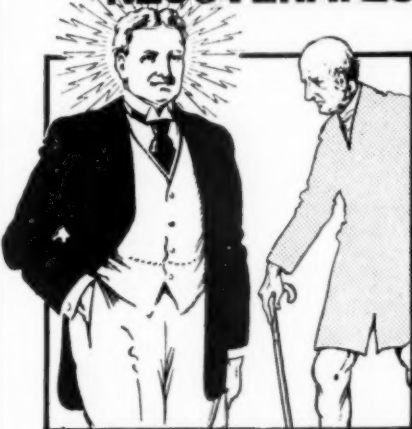
This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring
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supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

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Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
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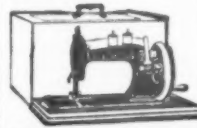
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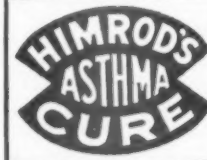
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The Editor

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1916

Frontispiece: "The Shot." Drawn by Balliol Salmon

	PAGE
The Great Grey Wolf. Complete Story. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Illustrated by Balliol Salmon	259
Rebuilding Ravaged Belgium. By AGNES M. MIALL. Illustrated by Photographs	266
"And the Greatest of These—" Complete Story. By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER. Illustrated by A. C. Michael	271
Life's Little Things. A New Year's Message. By CHARLES GRANT MILLER	282
War and the Underworld. How the War has affected the "Submerged Tenth." By DENIS CRANE	283
MICHAEL. Serial Story. By E. F. BENSON. Chapters IV. (continued) and V. Illustrated by Stanley Davis	287
Children's Games. By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A. Illustrated by Photographs	301
The Shadow on the Screen. By a WELL-KNOWN PREACHER. Illustrated by Harold Copping	307
MYSELF AND THE NEW GENERATION. No. 2.—The Modern Girl's Marriage. By AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN	312
AUNT JANE. Short Serial Story. By JEANETTE LEE. Chapters XVIII.-XXIII. Illustrated by Balliol Salmon	316
Conversation Corner. By the EDITOR	329
The Workman and the Y.M.C.A. By the SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF "THE QUIVER." Illustrated by Photographs	332
Beside the Still Waters	337
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
Returning Hospitalities. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR	339
Guarding Britain's Shores	342
The Companionship Pages. Conducted by "ALISON"	343

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A GIANT FLAGSTAFF

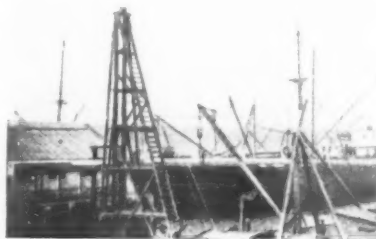
FOR more than fifty years a conspicuous feature in the grounds at Kew was the flagstaff. Owing to decay, especially at the base, it has recently been condemned and taken down. This fine piece of timber was obtained from the forests of British Columbia in 1861, and when the British Columbia Government, about a year ago, heard that it was condemned they offered to replace it. After eleven trees had been felled a tree was finally selected measuring 220 feet in length, six feet in diameter at the large end, and 18 inches in diameter inside bark at the small end.

This log was loaded on a logging railway and hauled ten miles to the salt water, where

it was taken in tow by a tug and brought to Vancouver. Here it was shaped.

Owing to the war, and the consequent shortage of space for such an unwieldy

article, it was only in August last that, through the kind efforts of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, space was found on their steamer *Merionethshire*. The vessel arrived in the Thames early in December, whence the log was towed up to Kew. It is hoped that this new flagstaff will prove to be of interest and serve to



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The illustration shows the flagstaff being loaded on the *Merionethshire* at Vancouver.

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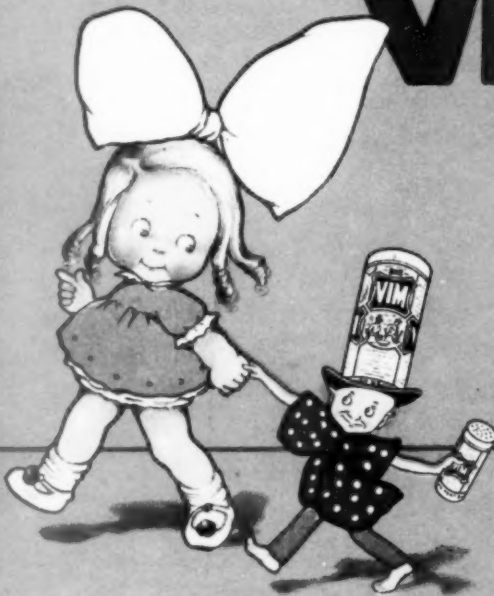


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"January in his rough-span vest."

—J. CUNNINGHAM.



"She whipped out her little
revolver and fired"—No. p. 202.

Drawn by
Basil Galt



THE QUIVER



VOL. LI, No 3

JANUARY, 1926

THE GREAT GREY WOLF

By

E. EVERETT-GREEN

JOAN COTTERIL laid down her brushes with a sigh, for the winter light was falling fast. She had seized every moment of it for her work—the deep crimson flush in the sky, paling to pink and yellow towards the zenith, the pure whiteness of the frosted snow, the blackness of the hedges. Tall trees stood etched against the clear, dying light, and quaint cottages with red-tiled or thatched roofs clustered picturesquely in the foreground.

Here was a subject to her hand, without leaving the shelter of her lodging-room over the little village shop, which was also the post-office and the centre of life for the quaint little old-world village.

Joan came to the conclusion that for a lonely waif like herself, with a tiny independence and an enthusiastic love for her work, she had been lucky to hear of Thatchstead, and of securing at absurdly low terms the two rooms which were her present home. She had been there just a fortnight, and had found "subjects" galore. And now that the snow had come, the beauty of the place seemed only enhanced, and she had been dashing off clever little sketches with an unwonted rapidity, feeling sure that some would find a market as Christmas cards, whilst others might be enlarged into small pictures with a view to exhibition or sale.

When dusk fell, Joan often took her brush

and enjoyed an hour's exhilarating exercise, returning just before lighting-up time. But to-day the snow lay to the depth of some inches, and though it had frozen pretty hard, she did not think that she would cycle. So she put on her warm coat, and seized her brown cap, with which she crowned her sunny curls, and resolved to stretch her legs by a good fast walk, and perhaps visit a few of the cottages, where already she had made humble friends.

She had been too much absorbed by her work up to this moment to have noticed the subdued clamour in the village street below. Now she was aware that quite a small crowd had collected before the door of the shop, and that for some little time there had been a hum of voices in the air. As she ran down the stairs into the little shop, she discovered that it was quite full. Half the women of the place seemed to have collected there, and all of them were looking pale and scared, and kept throwing uneasy and frightened glances round them, and out at the open door, where a number of other women were clustered.

"What is the matter?" asked Joan's clear young voice.

They all turned to her at once. Quite a chorus of voices was raised.

"Oh, Miss, it's the wolf—that great grey wolf—out of the circus!" He's got loose,

THE QUIVER

Miss—you heard, didn't you, about it?" "He's been running up and down the country, they say; but nobody has got anigh him yet!" "And he's come here, Miss! He's been seen—and his marks in the snow—quite close—he may be round the corner now. . . ." Then somebody shrieked, and a sort of panic set in, which Joan did her best to quiet, as she sought to disentangle fact and fiction.

She knew that a wolf had escaped from the travelling menagerie which had visited Thatchstead just about the time of her own arrival there. She had seen the entertainment at the circus herself, and remembered the great grey wolf and the hunted fierceness in the gleaming red eyes. The showman had told them proudly how it had been captured on the plains of Russia, and that it was very fierce, very swift, and had killed and carried off children from villages before being captured.

Joan had not been sure that a good deal of this talk might not have been fabricated to impress the villagers; but it might be true. Certainly every word of it was now remembered and believed, and in a highly coloured form was being passed from mouth to mouth. Women with babies in their arms, or small children clinging to their skirts, hugged them closer, and looked horribly scared. Joan was quite sorry for them, and eager to discover just what it was that was known about the wolf.

It seemed that the creature was still at large, though every effort had been made to trace it. Apparently it had made for wooded country at the first, and had hidden itself. But the snow of the last few days had probably driven it forth in search of food, and two lads had just come tearing into the village to tell that they had seen the creature not half a mile away, that it had pursued them with fierce snarlings till the outskirts of the place had been reached, and had then sullenly slunk away, and they thought in the direction of the Park, where the trees grew thick.

One lad had had the courage to go back and look at the footprints, and he was sure that these were those of a wolf, not a dog, and that the creature was likely still to be lurking not far away.

So terror reigned. The men had not yet come back from work, and Joan's quick question, as she looked from one frightened face to the other: "Who has got a gun in

the place?" met with a chorus of answers all tending one way.

"Young Squire has guns enough—young Squire has killed beasts in their own lands. It would be all right if young Squire knew."

"Then why does not somebody tell him?" queried Joan; and then came the difficulty and deadlock. The great grey wolf might be lurking in the grounds of the Park itself. Who would dare to carry the message? And yet, if the one man capable of dealing with the situation were not warned, some grim tragedy might be enacted before many hours had passed. Some child—some old man—some wayfaring woman, walking fearlessly towards the village, might suddenly be leapt upon by a ferocious beast, with blazing eyes and white fangs. . . . Joan felt her flesh creep for a moment. Then her resolution was taken.

"I will go on my bicycle," she said.

A perfect hubbub arose around her. Some implored her not to risk it; others felt that if only she would! Somehow the rustics had faith in "the quality"; faith that they could do and dare what would be impossible for those of lower degree to accomplish with success. And then that bicycle—how fast it could spin over the frozen ground. And the half-grown moon was hanging frostily in the sky to give sufficiency of light. But oh, how brave—how brave of her! Ought they to let her go?

But Joan's mind was made up. She felt that out of all that timorous crowd she alone possessed the nerve or the capacity to deal with what might become a tragic crisis if matters were left to drift. And then she was not quite helpless in the face of danger. If flight did not help her should she be pursued, was there not a little shining weapon upstairs which had accompanied her to Morocco and on other journeys into strange and lonely places? Also, she could shoot straight and true. And though a small revolver bullet might make little impression upon the hide of a wolf, yet the girl knew that the streak of cowardice, so characteristic of these creatures, would probably play into her hands in such a contingency; whilst the very fact that the wolf had been in human hands and under discipline might be another point in her favour.

She dashed up to her room, dropped the little weapon, after a brief examination, into the pocket of her coat, knelt down for

THE GREAT GREY WOLF

a few seconds beside her bed, commending herself into the hands of Providence, and then she was ready for what might befall.

Down into the little crowded shop—out into the shed where the cycle stood ready. Up and off with a brave smile and a wave of the hand.

"Go to your homes, good people, and take all the babies safe under cover. In ten minutes, with luck, the young Squire ought to know, and he and his men with their rifles can turn out. That wicked grey wolf, I fancy, will have but a short shrift to-night!"

She spoke blithely—courage rising within her to meet the possibility of peril. The gate to the Park lay almost opposite the village shop, and some daring urchin had run and opened it for her already. This was not the main entrance with the lodge, but a smaller one used a good deal by the young Squire and his widowed mother on their errands to the village. The wolf had slunk into the Park nearer to the lodge gates. But where was the gaunt, hungry creature now?

In the uncertain moonlight Joan flew along. The wavering shadows of the trees danced across the road in flickering lacework of black and white, and the owls hooted dismally as they took their silent flight. Joan skimmed onwards, her teeth set, her eyes alert. She dared not take her glance often from the frosty, snow-bound road. A side-slip might spell disaster to her errand. But her senses were strained to the highest pitch of tension, and she seemed to see "with the tail of her eye" glowing red orbs gleaming in the darkness, and to hear stealthy padding sounds following upon her silent flight.

"Nerves!" she muttered to herself; "there is only one—not half a hundred!" And on she sped. The distance was lessening now. She must be almost half across the Park. But oh, how silent and lonely it was! Who would hear her cry or call for aid if all of a sudden . . .

The road made a sudden turn. Hitherto it had been partially screened by laurel and rhododendron hedges, now it lay white and straight before her eyes. And oh, horror of horrors! Just as she shot round the bend and saw the stretch of road lying plain and clear before her—there stood the great grey wolf, in the middle of the track, his gaunt head turned towards her, his gleaming eyes shining fierce and brilliant as the moonlight

showed up his large bulk whilst he stood motionless and threatening in the snow.

There was no time for deliberation. The girl had to act with a lightning rapidity, and well for her that her courage was strong and her head clear, all her faculties tense and taut.

In that very moment of terrible crisis, the old French adage sprang to brain and lips. She heard herself shouting it out in clear ringing tones: "*De l'audace, de l'audace—toujours de l'audace!*" And as she thus cried the words aloud, she shot forward upon her wheel towards the wolf.

And her manœuvre saved her from the pouncing spring for which she had just seen those gaunt limbs preparing. The creature swerved from the path as she approached, and bounded a few yards aside. She skimmed past like a flash, making for the gate into the inner enclosure, her heart the while in her mouth.

What if the beast should follow! What if the gate should be shut!

Next minute she was awfully aware that the wolf was following! She heard the pad, pad, pad of his feet upon the frozen snow. She heard faint, panting, snarling, snuffling sounds infinitely horrible. Her flesh crept. What if he overtook her, rapidly as she was speeding along? What if she were to feel those horrid fangs, or be overset by the impact of some ponderous weight springing at her from behind? The cold sweat stood upon her brow; her breath was coming thick and short. Every muscle was strained and tense as she drove her cycle along through the whiteness of the crumbling snow.

What if the gate were shut?

Thank God—it was open! She almost uttered a sob as she saw it. And there were the lights of the house gleaming red and warm. But the ground trended upwards—the going was heavy—and where—oh, where was that slinking phantom of pursuit? And would he dare to pursue her through the gate and up to the house?

He was very close behind! Through her own sobbing breaths she heard a horrible snarling sound. Was he about to spring?

But here was the sweep—here were the steps. In a second she had leaped—and even as she flung the cycle from her, she saw it rebound from the body of the creature simply close against her in the dimness.

A cry of horror left her lips. She dashed

THE QUIVER

up the steps towards the door. She whipped out her little revolver and fired. Then she almost fell to the ground, as the door was suddenly opened from within, and she stumbled over the threshold, striving to explain her presence, but only able to get out the phrase which seemed beaten in upon her brain.

"The great grey wolf! The great grey wolf!"

Then strong hands clutched her and pulled her across the threshold, whilst the door was banged to, and she was led towards the blazing fireplace, where a delicately charming old lady was seated beside a tea table, who rose quickly to her feet, exclaiming:

"Jack, whoever is it? What is the matter?"

"That is what I must inquire into," spoke a strong masculine voice from somewhere over Joan's head. "I've a suspicion that the menagerie wolf we have heard of is disporting himself in our grounds, mother. Will you take care of this young lady whilst I go and get my gun? Perhaps by that time she will have found breath enough to tell us just what is the matter."

Joan was placed in a great easy chair. For a few seconds she was too breathless to speak; but she made a gesture of assent at the words spoken by one she knew to be the young Squire.

He strode away, and scarcely had he disappeared before she was able to pant forth her story, to which Mrs. Allington listened with breathless interest, asking a few searching questions, and ending by putting her hand upon Joan's and holding it in a sympathetic clasp.

Thus it was that the young Squire found them, as he came back from the gun-room with a couple of weapons in his hands, followed by a stalwart young gamekeeper who had chanced to come up to the house with a message.

"Jack, you are right. I have been hearing the story. The grey wolf that we have been hearing about was seen close to the village, and there was nobody who dared bring word to you—as the right person to take the matter up—except this brave young lady, who came across the Park on her bicycle, saw the wolf, but pursued her way up to the very doors, though she knew that the creature was just behind her. . . ."

"He was!" cried Jack. "I saw the

brute myself. I say, though, you have rare pluck!" turning admiringly to Joan, who smiled now and answered back.

"I don't feel the least plucky, I assure you! I had to come, because really there was nobody else, and I didn't expect to sight the creature. When I did, this was much the nearest house to flee to, and I fled with all my might! I had this little revolver; but I doubted its power to scare the creature off for more than a few moments at a time, and I couldn't use it whilst I was riding over the snow for dear life. But bravery was the last quality I felt to possess. . . ." She shivered a little as she remembered the tense moments of that terrible flight, and Mrs. Allington's fingers pressed hers again.

"Keep her here, mother—keep everybody in the house—till we get back. Have you got your dog with you, Ned? That's right, whistle him up. We'll lay him on the fresh tracks. We shall pretty well see them ourselves with all the snow about. Don't be scared, mother—it's all right. A menagerie wolf won't make mincemeat of either of us. We'll be back before long—with the tale of our prowess hot upon our lips!" And the handsome young fellow swung away with his keeper behind him, whilst Joan's eyes sought Mrs. Allington's face with a mute inquiry.

The old lady glanced about her and pointed towards the skins of tiger, black panther, grizzly bear, and wild boar which lay as rugs over the stone flooring of the hall.

"My son has shot all of those in different parts of the world. Of course I shall be glad to see him return safe and sound; but I am not going to let myself give way to nervous fears which are probably quite superfluous."

It was Joan who was quivering with a strained sense of apprehension. And suddenly, looking straight into the face of the stately old lady, she said:

"If anything—should happen—it would seem as though I had been the cause. Would you ever—forgive me?"

The kind hand again possessed itself of her cold fingers. The keen yet gentle gaze of Jack's mother seemed to look her through and through.

"My dear, what you did at great personal risk, and in face of a very real peril, was done from that stern sense of self-sacrifice and duty which should make the backbone of a nation's greatness, as it makes the first



"The door was flung open, and in walked Jack Allington, his gun beneath his arm"—p. 204

Drawn by
Eugene S. Fleming

THE QUIVER

clement in each individual character. And my son's duty is equally clear. At far less peril to himself—I might say at scarcely any peril at all—he has gone to do his duty. Should I wish it otherwise? My dear, do you think that I should even desire to stay him?"

"Hark! What is that?"

Clear through the frosty night rang out the sharp report of a gun. It came alone. There was no second shot. Mrs. Allington smiled quietly.

"I do not think that my boy often has to shoot twice."

Joan was on her feet, her colour coming and going by turns.

"You think—the great grey wolf—is dead?"

"I do; or we should have heard a second shot—or a third. But Jack does not miss. So men say who shoot with him."

Joan sank down upon the rug—upon the soft thick fur of a great bear which had once met its death from that unerring aim. She was shivering with suppressed excitement, and the reaction from the strain of that flight through the snowy park.

"Ah, I am glad—I am glad! I need not think that somebody else will hear those padding feet, or see those gleaming eyes, or feel that in another moment the great white teeth may be snapping and tearing. . . ."

A hand was laid upon her head, firmly, gently, tenderly.

"My dear child, try now to put those very natural thoughts and memories out of your mind. God has watched over you in a moment of peril, and has brought you safely through it. Let that be enough for you. He gave you courage and strength to face the ordeal. Rest on that conviction, and do not let grisly phantoms of 'what might have been' trouble your dreams either waking or sleeping."

Joan sprang to her feet, her bright face more like itself.

"Ah, thank you for saying that! It was just what I wanted. I will not be silly any more. And if the wolf is dead. . . ."

At that moment a firm footfall from without became audible, the door was flung open, and in walked Jack Allington, his gun beneath his arm, his face cheery and tranquil as when he started forth.

"It's all right, ladies. The great grey wolf is no more. You are avenged of your

adversary, Miss Cotteril! I learned your name from my keeper, who knows most things, and whose aunt keeps the post-office. I took the liberty to tell him to go down and have your things sent up here. I don't think you'd care much about a return to the village to-night. They would probably carry you round the place on their shoulders, or something of that sort. Besides, it's beginning to snow again and the wind is getting up. You had much better stop here with us, hadn't she, little mother?"

"An excellent thought, Jack. I am very glad it came to you. My dear, if your name is Cotteril, tell me this, are you related to Edgar Cotteril the artist?"

"I am his daughter. You know he died two years ago, when I was just twenty-one. Oh, did you know him?"

"Dear girl, is it possible? His daughter! Why then you are a relation of ours. Edgar was my distant cousin. In our childhood and early youth we were much together; but time and circumstances parted us. I had not heard of his death. How very strange that we should meet like this! Of course, you must be our guest. We must learn all your history. Jack, ring the bell, and we will have a room made ready; and then we will all have tea together here."

That evening, whilst Mrs. Allington, after a long and confidential talk with Joan, dozed peacefully in her chair, Jack came softly into the room, and with an amused smile kindling in his eyes, beckoned Joan to follow him.

The girl in her simple black dress, with white ruffles at throat and elbows, was looking very charming, her curly hair catching golden lights from the soft lamps, her white skin pure and clear with the flawlessness of perfect health.

She moved with the grace of unfettered action which fashionable life has done so much to destroy. Jack noted with approbation that her skirts were not hobbled, her lithe young figure was not run into a sausage mould, as he was wont to describe it. His eyes lighted as she came forward to meet him, and already they smiled with a sense of good fellowship and mutual trust.

"This way," spoke Jack, as he opened a swing door in the passage into which he led the way. "It's a bit dark here. Give me your hand."

Joan obeyed. It was so good to be with

THE GREAT GREY WOLF

people who said to her, "Do this," or "Do that." It gave her the sense of belonging to somebody again.

Down the dim passage they strode, Jack giving her hand a little warning squeeze each time the level changed by a step up or a step down.

"Rummy old rabbit warren of a place," he told her. "Now you'll see in a moment what I've brought you for." He opened a door, led her into a small dark room, guided her steps across it, and then she was aware that a curtain was before her, which Jack suddenly swept back, and Joan uttered a startled exclamation.

"The great grey wolf! Oh, are you sure he isn't alive?"

For there in the courtyard, with the moonlight upon him, stood the formidable creature that Joan had seen once before that night. His eyes seemed to be turned towards them as they stood at the window, and Joan found herself quivering with a mixture of excitement and nervous fear.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, using his name unconsciously—though to be sure he had impressed upon her that they were cousins now—"are you sure that he is dead?"

She felt a strong hand upon her shoulder, round her shoulders in fact. She felt how strong were the hand and the arm.

"Dead as a door-nail. This is Ned's idea, to let the youngsters see him before we have off his skin for a trophy. I'll pay the poor chap who owns him, for his loss, and I'll keep the skin for my collection. He'll stand like that all right as long as the frost holds, and the village will enjoy the sight."

Joan laughed a little tremulous laugh.

"He looks so awfully alive—just as I saw him before I ran into him with my cycle and he skipped away! Jack, it was an awful moment!"

"You poor little plucky thing! And to think I was within a hundred yards or so of you all the time, toasting my feet, and with my guns all hanging upon the wall! Joan,

Joan, what a plucky, splendid creature you are! I don't think you half know it!"



From that day forward Joan was the heroine of the village, and before long whispers went abroad that the visit she was paying at the Park would be likely to merge itself into a permanent residence there.

"The young Squire he do think all the world of her; and Madam, she seems that set on her, too—like as if she's found the daughter she's allers been wishing as the Lord had sent her. And us du love the sight of Miss Joan—her smill du be like the sunshine to we! Ah, there'll be wedding bells afore long rocking the old steeple, and us'll be right glad, every one of us—Iss fey!"

And indeed the day came when the village was *en fête*, and the bells pealed, and the sun shone down upon a happy bride with gold-red lights in her hair, and the happiest of smiles on her face. For this was a wedding all smiles and no tears, since there was no parting to follow upon Jack's claiming of his young wife. He was only bringing home to his mother, who would share their home, a daughter to be the solace and delight of her declining years.

And when, after a few short sunny weeks of wandering, he brought his wife back again to the stately home both loved so well, their feet as they passed the threshold stepped across a great skin rug laid down before the door, and Jack, looking down, exclaimed:

"Hallo! Here's the friend who was the direct instrument of our first introduction, little wife! Joan dearest, do you remember our first friend—or foe? I think we may forgive him now, for without his good offices who can say what might have happened to hold us apart? He brought us together, and taught me at the same time what a brave devoted girl could do and dare for the sake of others in peril."

Then he took his young wife in his arms and kissed her on brow and lips, standing together within the walls of his home, their feet pressing the skin of the great grey wolf!





The Belgian Refugee Camp at Ede;
The First Group of Houses.

REBUILDING RAVAGED BELGIUM

A Noble Work by Non-combatants

By AGNES M. MIALL

The Quakers are debarred by their religious convictions from taking an active part in the War, but they have not been idle. Miss Miall tells of some of the reconstruction work they have accomplished.

DURING the last year and a half we have heard much that is utterly disheartening about brave little Belgium; with sickened hearts that such things should be in a Christian Europe and a God-fearing age, we have read of atrocities too terrible to specify, of indescribable havoc, of sickness and famine, destruction and despair. All these things are, alas, only too true; yet for many months past, side by side with the desolation of our small ally, there has been springing the seed of a new Belgium which has already borne amazing fruits of hope and comfort.

Doing what they could

Those who planted this seed, and who have fostered its shooting with unceasing care, are a religious body who have had to endure reproaches because of their steadfast refusal to participate in any combatant measures. Their noble work deserves to be far better known than it is, especially among those who have felt called upon to disapprove of the peace movement of the Quakers. Though their principles forbid them to fight, they have no wish to stand idly aside in the hour of need, and the non-

combatant work of helping the Belgian refugees is one that is well fitted to their splendid organising powers.

Very early in the war the British Society of Friends (as the Quakers prefer to be called) realised that very much could be done to ameliorate the conditions under which about a million of the poorest class of Belgian peasants were living in Holland. The Dutch Government—all honour to it!—behaved in the most kindly and generous way when the fall of Antwerp in October, 1914, flooded their small nation of barely six million souls with an additional destitute population of a sixth more. All that the Dutch could possibly do under this sudden inroad was done, but the Friends were quick to perceive how much more could be accomplished by an outside voluntary organisation.

The first definite suggestion as to how the lot of these fugitives could be remedied came from Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., and last January a small deputation of two, consisting of Mr. Philip Burt and Mr. Fred Rowntree, went over to Holland on a preliminary mission to ascertain whether a scheme for the provision of wooden huts was at all practicable.

REBUILDING RAVAGED BELGIUM

"We first had an interview with the British Minister at the Hague, who told us we should have to get the Prime Minister's assent to our scheme," Mr. Rowntree told me. "The Prime Minister received us most cordially, and we explained that we wished to provide employment for the Belgian refugees in Holland. As the Premier said, the Dutch Government had got a serious problem enough in providing housing, food and education; little Holland could not undertake to provide employment as well. But he fully realised the undesirability of keeping so many people in permanent idleness, and gave his hearty assent to our plans, the main object of which was to provide the Belgians with healthy employment."

Housing the Refugees

As the refugees—then mostly scattered throughout the province of Zeeland, in the south—had perforce to be housed many hundreds together, in long barrack-like dormitories or even empty greenhouses, the War Victims' Relief Committee formed by the Society of Friends decided that the most useful form of employment to offer was the building of small wooden huts, in which families could live with some degree of privacy. In consultation with the town architect of Flushing, a type of portable wooden building was soon evolved which could be erected at a minimum of labour and expense.

A start was made at Flushing, but only three houses had been finished when the Dutch Government ordered

all refugees to leave Zeeland, so the completed huts and the timber for the remainder had to be sent on to Gouda, where there is a large camp for refugees. Here the Committee authorised the building of a hundred huts, which were to be erected by Belgian labour.

It was indeed high time to provide the camp with work. Hitherto the men and boys had passed their entire days in playing cards, for lack of other occupation, and they were already beginning to show signs of the inevitable deterioration which must result from such a life. At first the women had been idle, too, except for tending their children, but before the arrival of the Friends the Rockefeller Commission had come to the rescue with a gift of sewing machines.

This was the state of affairs that prevailed at Gouda at the beginning of the year. How different is the case now! The Relief Committee has rented a piece of land immediately adjoining the camp, and here sixty houses are being built in groups of twelve. Only about twelve huts go to an acre, so there is ample space for each to be set in a plot of ground which the tenants can cultivate. Every Belgian among the lower classes is a past master in the art of husbandry. Very soon after being completed and first occupied each little house is surrounded with shrubs and greenery, curtains appear at the windows, and it presents a truly homelike appearance.

The huts are really marvels of ingenuity and simplicity. They are built in three different sizes, with two, three or five rooms. The two-roomed house consists of a spacious



After the German Invasion:
The Ruins of a Belgian Village.

Photo supplied by
the Society of Friends.

THE QUIVER



A Cellar Dweller
in a Belgian Village.

Photo supplied by
the Society of Friends.

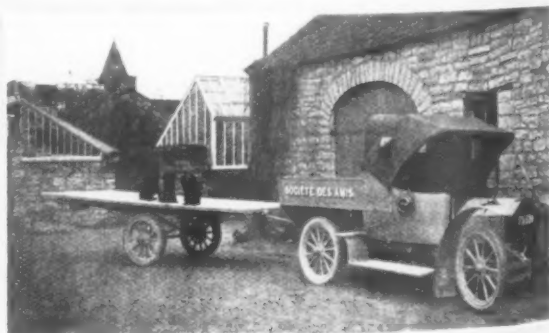
living room, with a bedroom opening out of it. The latter is divided by a partition into two compartments, each of which contains a double bed, so that the little home provides sleeping accommodation for a family of, say, parents and two children. Eight people can live in a three-roomed hut, which contains another similar bedroom on the other side of the sitting-room, and, as Belgian families are mostly large, this type of dwelling, Mr. Rowntree told me, is in the majority. The bigger five-roomed huts are very few in number, as they are intended primarily for the use of the English workers.

So extremely simple are the houses planned, that on one occasion a two-roomed hut was taken to pieces, removed two hundred yards, and re-erected, all in the

amazingly short space of two and three-quarter hours; yet it must not be imagined for a moment that these camp dwellings are mere ramshackle affairs to serve the need of the moment only. On the contrary, they are absolutely sound, and most thoroughly constructed of well-seasoned timber, lined inside and out with grooved and tongued boarding, and roofed with tarred felt. They are made in sections in the workshops, and then bolted together on the site selected.

The photograph on the opposite page shows a group of the busy carpenters who make the necessary windows and doors. Not only these, but everything else needed for the fitting up and furnishing of the huts, is made at the Gouda camp by the refugees themselves. There is a smithy where the kitchen stoves are manufactured, and a cabinet-makers' shop which turns out excellent tables and chairs, not to mention cupboards, with which every house is provided. Some householders even treat themselves to the luxury of a sideboard! Brooms, tinware and curtains are all "home" products.

The men are paid the standard camp wages for their labour—two florins of Dutch money weekly, or about 3s. 4d. in English currency. This can be spent in the camp on comforts for the little homes, or laid by as a nest-egg for the longed-for day of repatriation. Any Belgian who works for twelve weeks consecutively in the construction of the huts is also entitled to the use of one for his family. Arrangements are being made also under which a householder may



Wagon for
Transporting Huts.

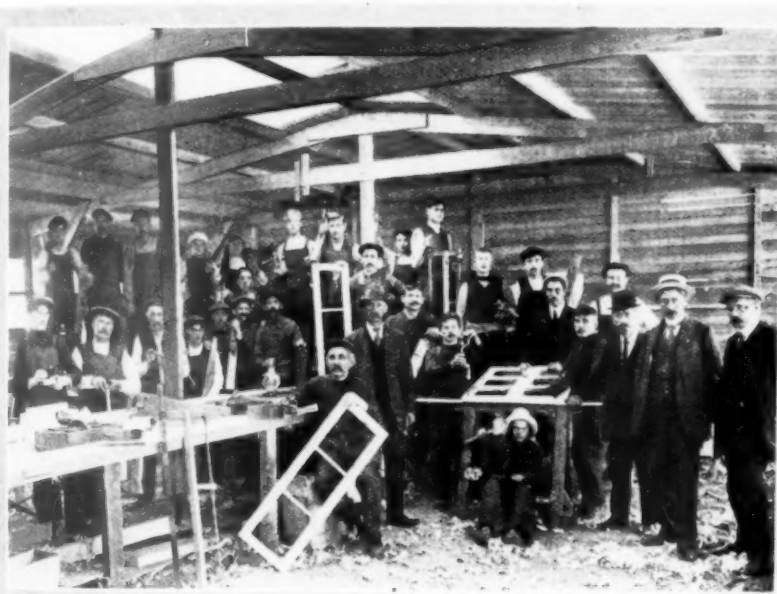
Photo supplied by
the Society of Friends.

REBUILDING RAVAGED BELGIUM

obtain his furnishings, but the huts remain the property of the Society of Friends, and they retain the right to remove any tenant who may prove undesirable. The refugees are expected to keep their homes clean and in good order, to repair any damage that may be done, and to cultivate their little plots of ground.

There is one important point which renders these huts probably unique. They have been specially designed so that at the close

sum of money to be used in Belgian reconstruction work. It is pleasant to know that the Hollanders think so highly of Quaker work at Gouda that Baron de Tuyll, the Commissioner who controls all Belgian refugees in Holland, was asked to confer with the Friends as to the best method of utilising the generous gift. The Baron is cordially in sympathy with the War Victims Relief Committee, and it was decided that the money should be spent in building two



The Camp at Ede:
The Workshop where the Doors and Windows are made.

Photo supplied by
the Society of Friends

of the war they may be taken to pieces and transported to Belgium, to serve as temporary homes while the devastated villages are being rebuilt.

Owing to the low price of Belgian labour, and their own simplicity of construction, the cost of the houses is remarkably small. £15 is sufficient to build and furnish one of two rooms, while the larger dwellings cost about £15 apiece extra.

Utilising Danish Help

Some months ago a Danish committee sent to the Dutch Government a considerable

hundred huts each at the camps at Uden and Ede.

Hitherto I have only touched upon the work of the men Friends; even more interesting is that done by the lady workers among the women of the camp. In the many industries at Gouda female labour plays a large part, and under the supervision of the Friends, the women and girls are busily engaged in the manufacture of beds and bedding, wool rugs, mats, bedroom slippers made of raffia, and baskets. There is also a huge knitting class of three hundred members, and the teaching of English,

THE QUIVER

which every refugee is eager to learn, has recently been begun.

Of the varied work that is being done at Gouda it is impossible to speak too highly. Thanks to the unwearied efforts of the Society of Friends, combined with the splendid co-operation of the camp commandant, and the Dutch authorities generally, who lend invaluable aid, the tone of the refugee community has undergone a most hopeful change. Steady work, new interests and the personal relations established with the kindly English workers (for in the course of distributing clothing and other necessities the ladies get to know every family in the place) are daily doing much in raising the ethical atmosphere of the camp. It is believed that many hundreds of Belgians will eventually leave Gouda much the better, physically, mentally and morally, for their enforced exile in Holland.

Starting the Industries

Nor is it only in Gouda that the Friends have made their influence felt, for they are working indefatigably at the two other refugee camps, Ede (which is situated between Arnhem and Utrecht) and Uden, each of which have between 5,000 and 6,000 Belgian inhabitants. Indeed, the work at these two centres bids fair to rival what has been done so beneficially at Gouda.

Not only is there already at each of these camps the nucleus of a pretty little garden city, but women's industries are going gaily forward (the sounds of singing are constantly heard accompanying the work of the women and girls); and quite lately in each of these two places a brushmaking industry has been commenced, and hundreds of household brushes are being made every week.

Nunspeet is another Belgian camp centre, at which for some time it was impossible to obtain permission to carry on work. The embargo was fortunately removed last summer, and in October a start was made.

Belgian soldiers are interned at Amersfoort, in Utrecht, to the number of 13,000, and in a great many cases their families have come there to be near them. The town is overflowing with these thousands of extra residents, who have to put up with any accommodation they can get. Three hundred of them lodged for some time in an

empty granary, but were obliged to make way for winter stores of corn. The Friends are building twenty huts towards the better housing of these poor creatures, and, under the auspices of Madame la Comtesse de Ribaucourt, wife of one of the interned officers, various workrooms have been organised, with noticeably good results.

We must not forget the activities at Flushing, through which town so many refugees must pass *en route* for England. A pleasant little "hostel" has been established for the use of better-class Belgian girls on their way through Flushing, and then there is the charmingly named "Mother House," where many Belgian babies have first seen the light. This "Mother House" work was started and assisted by the Society of Friends very early in the war at Flushing and Middelburg.

It was in the hostel at Flushing that the women's work of the Society was first started by Miss Vulliamy, who deserves much credit for the very energetic and tactful way in which she has pushed forward the work as supervisor.

Work in France

For so small a body it is astounding how much the Quakers have been able to accomplish. Not content with their splendid efforts in Holland, a second and somewhat different field for their ministrations is found in the invaded and ravaged districts of Northern France, which reaped such a terrible harvest of misery during the German advance on Paris in the early days of the war. No fewer than a hundred and forty workers are scattered in various districts, helping inhabitants and refugees in every possible way to resume the tenor of everyday life. The huts that are being built here are of a rather different type being intended only as temporary shelters in which the farmers can live for the present and continue to till their land. The peasants of these parts display an extraordinarily dogged devotion towards their own particular corner of the world, and rather than desert their live stock and pillaged fields, until the Quakers came the people lived in the utmost misery in pigsties, cellars or rude shelters of sods and mud that resembled the dwellings of savages. In every possible way their pitiable lot is being ameliorated.

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE——"

A Story of Love—Human and Divine

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

ALTHOUGH a young man still, Daniel Reeves vied with the oldest and sternest Puritan among his old-world flock in his fierce denunciation of evil; he based his theology on the prophets of the Old Testament, and the "love" of the New Dispensation was a thing not within his ken.

Sternly elate, mentally repeating disjointed sentences of the sermon he had just thundered upon the heads of his hearers, Daniel walked slowly into the divine, cool freshness of the spring woods, an austere and sombre shape in the midst of that glad, green rejuvenescence. A strain of dour Covenanting blood had lit the fires smouldering in his cold grey eyes; his thin, square face hinted of a Scotch crag, which wind and rain battered uselessly, upon which sunlight never fell, in whose bleak and barren crannies all tender and gracious things perished, denied the right to grow.

Through the breezy open spaces, the minister could glance down upon the winding road below, whereon the scattering folds of his flock were hastening homeward. He knew that, with mountain intensity, they were even then discussing his sermon; they would chew that live cud of his for many a day to come. Exultant, he threw back his head and squared his shoulders, feeling himself divinely armed to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the souls of his people.

He moved upward, into the kingdom and the power and the glory of the spring. The air was alive with a nameless and ineffable odour, as if, upon the mountain-tops, the Spirit and the Bride said Come!

Here was the brown mother's débutante, dogwood, dressed like a bonny bride; here were violets, blue and white; the shut, brown, sturdy fists of little new ferns pushed

impatient from the warm loam; by the brown, loosened brook water nodded a pink orchid.

The minister quickened his steps unheeding. He hummed to himself, in a strong voice, "How Firm a Foundation."

Out of the woods, tenderly, upon gay winds blithe to bear it, stole a strain of flute music, wayward, airy, delicate, fairylike, joyous; as if the moist, smiling mouth of Spring exhaled an audible sigh of delight.

Daniel stood still in his tracks. A frown gathered on the heavy, square forehead, the straight lips tightened. For a moment he hesitated, pondering; then, turning off the trail, he followed the music.

It led him to a small glade dappled with sun-and-tree shadows, velvet-carpeted with young grass. And here, in a scant pink frock that showed her girl's slimness, holding aloft in her brown hands a branch of bright leaves, danced his cousin Eve. Her bare brown feet twinkled in the grass, and her bright, unbound hair, crowned with a chaplet of bramble, shimmered and floated and danced about and with her. Prone all his shapely length, his garlanded head against a mossy pillow, Daniel's brother, Aaron, piped for that sheer joy o' youth which danced like a leaf in the wind of his music. Neither noticed Daniel until he thundered on them, his eyes ablaze.

"An' this," he rasped in a choking rage, "this is how my own flesh an' blood sin against the Sabbath! Pipin' an' cavortin' with Satan, while I'm obeyin' my call to save sinners!"

The light faded from the piper's brown face, the laughter died out of Eve's.

"Well," she flashed out resentfully, "I can't see a mite o' harm in just bein' glad. 'Tain't a bird ain't pipin' nor a leaf ain't

THE QUIVER

dancin'; an' I ain't so sure but the Lord's more pleased listenin' to Aaron's playin' than to yo' preachin', Dan Reeves!"

Dan's glacial glance swept over her like icy water, drowning her sudden flame of spirit. Then it settled, coldly hostile, upon his brother.

Aaron met the preacher's outraged glare placidly; but Eve shrank back, her natural timidity falling upon her like a pall. She was afraid of Dan; from her babyhood she had been darkened by his shadow.

"I'd finished all my work, Dan. An'—an' I followed Aaron unbeknownst. It was me fixed the leaves on both o' us. An' seems like the day bein' so pretty an' glad sort o' went to my head, an' I couldn't keep from dancin'. I—we—never meant to harm—" Her voice died, her lips quivered like a child's, and fixed upon him a pleading and placating glance.

"The trailer vessel!" said Dan wrathfully to his brother, ignoring the young girl's timid overtures. "It ain't her—it's you that's responsible, Aaron Reeves. There ain't a time since I can remember when you ain't been a stumblin'-block and a snare to somebody or other—you an' yo' book readin' an' yo' dancin' an' yo' everlastin' fiddlin' an' pipin' on the high-road to hell!"

That enigmatic smile crept to the piper's lips.

"Dan," said he softly, "Dan, there *ain't* no road to hell through the woods. None as I ever saw. Not at this time o' year, nohow. There ain't room on the mountains, Dan, for anythin' else but the spring praisin' the Lord."

"It's the fear o' the Lord," said Dan dourly, "that's the beginnin' o' wisdom. An' you're a far ways from the beginnin'. You ain't never walked in that trail, not since you was born. Yo's ain't the kin' o' feet, Aaron, that finds it; yo's is the sort o' feet that wanders astray—an' sets other folks a-followin'."

He paused gloomily. For the ear of age might hark to Daniel; but indeed the feet of youth fluttered after Aaron!

"As for you," said the minister, rousing himself and turning to the girl, "you go on home this minute, miss, an' pray on yo' knees for the grace o' forgiveness!"

She had no faintest notion of disobedience now; silently, with hanging head, she moved

away. And as her pink frock disappeared, Daniel turned again to his brother.

"I'm havin'," said he directly, "a particular special meetin' come Wednesday night, Aaron. I aim to make folks hereabouts come to a sense o' their bounden duty. Now, I'm askin' you, man to man—you comin', or ain't you?"

"No, Dan, I ain't," said the other, somewhat regretfully. "But I don't mind tellin' you I'd come to please you, if 'twasn't I'd promised the Henry boys I'd play for their frolic. I couldn't disappoint 'em."

"You promised the Henrys! You better promise somethin' to the Lord!"

Aaron made no reply.

"You mean to tell me, to my face, you aim to go to a devil's dance an' stop away from meetin'-house, after I've gave out a call?"

"I promised, Dan." He might have added that his mere presence kept the frolics of the wild Henrys within bounds, made them innocent enough outlets for high spirits. But Daniel gathered himself together.

"Then I promise you a judgment on you!" he said tensely. "I tell you, once for all, the Lord's tired o' yo' ways, Aaron. There'll come a judgment on yo' head, quick an' sudden—don't you dare doubt it! There's somethin' in me this minute sayin' so!"

Gently fingering the red leaves, his eyes upon the frail white bramble blossoms, Aaron said quietly:

"I reckon I can stand for the Lord's judgments, Dan. I ain't a mite o' doubt they'll be easier'n yo's."

Hugging his Bible to his breast, Dan strode away. Trudging homeward, he had time to reflect, with acrid indignation, upon the sinner's shortcomings.

It wasn't in Aaron to feel the quickening of the Spirit, he concluded. Aaron "took after" that aunt of their mother's who had run away to become a play actress. Like her, Aaron was "different"; there was in him some strain that set him apart from respectable kith and kin, and sent him wandering in the woods, gipsylike.

There was but one thing in which Aaron excelled—he could make music out of everything his fingers touched; he played as he breathed. Now, music is a futile trade; fit, of course, for blind beggars, but a dis-

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

grace to a man of his hands, unless it is combined with something useful, like, say, ploughing or blacksmithing or raising good hogs. But to be able to do nothing well save scrape on a fiddle, blow through a hole in a reed—

Now the trail began to descend. On a terraced slope, in a clear space of ploughed fields and grassy pastures, with smoke ascending lazily from a central chimney, lay the little brown house that was home. On the porch steps appeared a slim pink figure. Dan paused, looking down at her with troubled eyes. Eve, the ewe lamb, sheltered under that roof since babyhood, taught and trained with peculiar care, now wished to walk in Aaron's graceless footsteps, heedless, upon the brink of perdition.

At that thought, rage shook the minister shudderingly, like a frightful sickness. It seemed to him unbearable, as if, somehow, it put the power of the Almighty upon trial and brought it to shame. He looked upward challengingly. Then down upon his knees he fell, and, with the Book held aloft for a sign, called furiously upon his Maker to interfere, to establish His servant, to extinguish His enemy. Daniel, too, could put the power of the Almighty upon trial!

Never, people afterwards recalled, had they seen their minister so inspired, so impressive, as he was upon that fateful Wednesday. He swept them off their feet; caught in the current of his utterance, terror shook his hearers. There arose, then, cries, groans, prayers, pleadings; one heard choking gasps, saw immobile faces stripped of lifelong masks, and left naked to emotion.

Suddenly, in the midst of a flaming outburst, Daniel stopped dead short; the ensuing silence fell like a heavy weight. Now he leaned forward, his outstretched hand menacing, like the rod of wrath.

"There's them"—he spoke with slow and awful distinctness—"there's them that thinks to flout the call an' the power o' God. They lead others astray. They fiddle an' they dance for Belial, same as if they didn't have any souls at all to be saved. Listen: They'll find out they got souls to be damned when God calls 'em quick into judgment. As He's aimin' to call 'em! I tell you to-night as He's goin' to call 'em!"

He had the impressiveness of an ambassador extraordinary delivering an ultimatum of his sovereign's. An electric shock

shivered through the audience. They could not fail to know he spoke of Aaron, good for nothing but to make music for sinful merry-making.

"Nobody c'n mock God A'mighty! Fiddlin' an' pipin' sounds pretty, an' fools like to listen, an' forget what they'd better remember. But the fools ain't so bad; it's their leaders that hell's waitin' for with its mouth wide open. An' it'll get what it's waitin' for!"

"They that's stumblin'-blocks an' snares has got to be removed. An' I tell you plain to-night, they will be!" His voice rose like a trumpet: "*Judgment, Lord, judgment! I'm callin' on You for judgment! Even if it's upon the son o' my mother an' the brother o' my flesh, let it come! It'll be just an' righteous, an' I'd shout, 'They will be done!'*"

His mother's mouth set in lines of stern approval. She might have been Jephthah's wife, agreeing to her own child's cruel fate. But over Eve's sweet and delicate face swept a pale wave of revolt and reproach and dissent. She clasped her hands tightly, her mind reeled.

Daniel was calling down the thunderbolt upon Aaron! Upon Aaron, the gentle, the loving; Aaron, with the mouth of music, the eyes that saw into one's inmost heart with such tolerant tenderness! Eve feared and respected Dan, but she loved Aaron; and she knew, without being able to explain it even to herself, that to love Aaron brought to one a something that Dan's presence drove away. When Dan admonished and advised her, she had always been afraid; she surmised, vaguely, that God was somewhat like Dan, and she was afraid of Him, too.

She was never afraid with Aaron. Aaron bade her lie still and watch, while he called his birds about him; and, teaching her his gipsy lore, shared with her open handedly, with splendid largeness, his knowledge, his curiosities, his thought, his comments. With the sweet wisdom of the simple of heart, she had learned and loved. She knew that she alone understood the maker of music. To call down evil upon Aaron filled her with sick horror. It was as if one had tried to blight the spring itself, darken the fair sunshine, bind the free winds with fetters, silence the laughing lips of the waters.

When the service ended, and the congre-

THE QUIVER

gation surged around Daniel, Eve stood apathetically apart, looked at him critically, felt that she indeed saw him for the first time.

Thunder was rumbling in the gorges before they reached home. All day the sky had threatened, and now a storm was brewing. Lying sleepless beside her aunt, Eve listened to the first rush of the rain; she could hear the rising wind, joining forces with the rain, battering the roof with increasing fury. In Dan's room a light still burned. Was he praying—and how was Aaron mentioned in those prayers? Eve shuddered. To her excited and fearful imagination, the minister assumed somewhat of the aspect of a malevolent magician, and the unloosed forces of nature without were as hungry and howling spirits subject to his power.

For the first time in her life, Eve was afraid to pray. To whom, indeed, should she pray? Daniel was a minister, and Daniel had publicly, quite as if he knew God's mind, prophesied judgment upon Aaron. If God had told Daniel, if He had listened to Daniel, how could He hear Eve and save Aaron? She felt herself caught as in a trap, unjustly, cruelly, without reason. No matter what Daniel said, or what God did, this thing was iniquitous, abominable.

It was still storming fiercely when the dawn broke, greyly forlorn. The air had again the bitter bite of winter. Spring seemed to have vanished. Perhaps a judgment had been called upon the spring, too, for having been so glad and green and beautiful, for making the trees dance in her winds and the waters laugh in her sunlight, and the stars of her flowers shine in her grasses. Therefore, winter had been let loose upon the singing sinner; and now she would have to hide and shiver and be sorry, she that had been so glad!

Toward noon the bleak rain ceased, and over the whipped and harried woods hung a watery sky, full of torn and ravelled clouds. Aaron had not yet returned; nor did he return by nightfall; nor had the next day brought him back.

On the morning of the third day, Daniel buttressed himself for a disagreeable duty, and went to the Henry house for news of his brother. But Aaron had set out for home in the rainy dawn after the dance, they told

him. He was to take the short cut homeward, the thread of path that ran along the stream, jumped it across the bridge, and picked it up again on the other side.

They found the bridge mere driftwood and the stream a raging torrent, in which large logs, and sometimes a tree, were tossed and ground like reeds. Aaron's old cap, rain soaked and forlorn, was lodged on a jagged edge of bridge timber; beyond this there was no sign of him. Of a sudden, the youngest of the Henry boys, who had accompanied Dan, broke into a loud crying.

The two women at home received the news Dan brought quietly, as if they had been expecting some such tidings, and were not unprepared. Eve presently took the old hat and hid it.

He had gone! A fierce, implacable Something had reached out of the void and crushed him, as Dan had known it would. She felt a growing horror of aversion for that Something. She felt, too, that she could never again bear to hear Dan preaching. Her heart was empty. Something died out of Eve along with Aaron. Outwardly untouched, she became mentally like one of those mildewed and melancholy Mays whose buds are blighted in the promise of blossoming. Gradually, sedately, she withdrew into herself. Apathetic and aloof, she opposed Dan's utmost efforts with the terrible obstinacy of the gentle.

For power had fallen upon Daniel, and tongues of flame. Nothing had ever so profoundly moved the mountain folk as this dramatic drowning of Aaron Reeves upon the very night of his brother's prophetic sermon. When Daniel appeared among them, there clung to his sombre shape an aureole of awe. They felt that he could speak now as one having authority; God had proved it. Daniel himself understood this even more than they. Aaron, living, had been his reproach; but drowned and dead, with a rain-sodden cap on a broken bridge for a sign of his fate, Aaron became the net of grace in which Daniel caught a miraculous draft of sinners. Even the graceless Henrys fell into this net, and were born again. Dan knew that Heaven had exalted his horn among the mountains.

Eve was the fly in his pot of ointment. Smarting under a sense of outraged justice, Eve was as flint to prayer and pleading. Not since Aaron's disappearance had she been



' In a hoarse voice, vibrant with emotion, he repeated over and over: 'I love you! I love you!'"—p. 277.

Drawn by
J. C. Miskel.

THE QUIVER

seen in church; she was unbribably loyal to the lost.

Only in the woods and fields could Eve find any semblance of repose or peace. Something of Aaron's spirit still lingered in the lichens against which he had leaned; something of his lost music in the vireo's note in the noon, when all other birds are silent; in the brown depths of the brook water gleamed such shifting flecks as had danced in his eyes. Out here, Aaron could draw near to her.

And presently she wondered if perhaps there might not be another, milder God than Dan's, a gentle God, whom the maker of music had known and served with love and laughter and tunefulness. She wondered, too, if this might be the secret spring of Aaron's serene joyousness. Perhaps he wished her to understand, to share his secret with her, as a last gift.

It may have been the healing waters of this secret fountain head that rounded Eve's angular slightness into soft, delicious curves, painted upon her cheek the flower o' the peach, ripened and deepened the gold of her hair. Daniel looked at her wonderingly. Her beauty began to trouble him, and he was terrified by his own thoughts, surging with tumultuous tenderness. He besought God to save this precious soul; and in the night the young girl's image rose before him, full of grace and beauty.

"You'd ought t' git married, parson," one of his deacons shrewdly advised him. "It ain't good for a man to dwell alone. No, sir, it ain't good." He reflectively fingered his goatlike beard. "When a man's single," he confided, "he's got a proud stomach, an' he arches his neck, an' he steps out lordly, like a two-year-old in a rye patch. He's apt to buck an' balk, an' he feels like his hind legs c'n kick the dashboard off'n all creation. Because he ain't been bitten; because he ain't been proper chastised an' chastened. The Lord loves them He chastens, an' that's how come Him to light on matrimony, to jerk up proud sinners with a check rein." He paused again, narrowing his eyes. "You can listen at me, parson. I've tried it twice, an' I know. An' I've had a mighty fine pair o' wives in my time, sir. A mighty fine pair o' wives!"

As Dan made no reply, the deacon laid his hand upon the young man's arm.

"That's a right likely filly you got at

home, parson," he said confidentially, "if you could manage her. A cenny mite flighty an' skittish, tossin' her mane an' layin' back her ears an' showin' the whites of her eyes some, so you'd have to break her in slow an' careful. But, man, she's wuth it! You marry her, an' I tell you, sir, she'll be all right."

Marry Eve! The blood ran racing through him. He trembled. But—the shadow of Aaron stood between him and Eve, between Eve and God, even. For Eve had of late declared herself openly. Intractable, she refused flatly to be saved.

"I don't mind not goin' to heaven," she had told him frankly, when he had passionately pleaded with her to accompany him to church. "I don't believe I want to go to heaven. I couldn't feel easy in my mind, seein' 's Aaron ain't there, an' me havin' to remember he's in hell."

Dan fled, as if a flame of the pit had seared him. Eve was possessed; the soul of Aaron had entered into her. He knew it now, and the sheer horror of her fate shook him to the depths. He prayed for her, with his forehead in the dust.

With Eve, as with Aaron, he had failed. Though his sheer power had dragged many men and women, as by the hair of the head, to the altar rail, and his fame spread, Daniel knew himself cankered at the core. The irony of Aaron's share in this successful soul-saving stung like a flash across the face, confronted by the more biting irony of the share of both of them in Eve's damnation. For he himself was implicated. It was he who had called for that judgment which, with frightful swiftness, had fallen upon Aaron; but—it had struck Eve, also, and, in striking Eve, had recoiled upon his own head. With his own hand, blindly, he had helped to push his beloved into the bottomless abyss.

In the three years after Aaron's death, if Dan became a power among men, Eve became a beauty among women. Even the sinister shadow that overhung her could not blind the eyes of youth to the fact that she was fair. And Eve met the advances of love as she had met the admonitions of religion—gently, but with impenetrable indifference.

Daniel felt himself included in this rejection. She performed every household duty with perfect faithfulness, serving him

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

and her aunt with dutiful meekness. He could put out his hand and touch her; but the real Eve eluded him as lightly as if she had been already disembodied. The strong man stood aghast before this slip of a girl who baffled him.

Hell was very real to Daniel, and when he visualised Eve's sweet flesh shrivelling in those unfading fires, he himself felt them almost physically. He was tortured; and this torment that he endured because of her increased his passion for her. At times despair seized him, and he wept.

Fighting as he was for her, body and soul, Daniel grew wary. He watched her whims, he followed her wanderings, as a physician studies every symptom of a rare disease. She was at her best in the open, he found. Here, putting aside apathy and reserve, she appeared for a brief and beautiful interlude as she might have been, innocently gay, girlishly happy. Never had God so exquisite an enemy! His heart was wrung with the pity and the pain of it.

He, meantime, watched and waited. And then, one day, pent-up passion overflowing like the swollen creeks of March, he spoke. He caught her arm in a shaking grasp, bent toward her his white and quivering face, and in a hoarse voice, vibrant with emotion, he repeated over and over: "I love you! I love you!"

Eve made no attempt to free herself. She did not even speak. Slowly, slowly, she turned her head, until her steady blue eyes met the young man's wild grey ones. And under that fixed and unwavering regard, his hands relaxed, fell to his side; he retreated a step or two, as if, over her shoulder, there had appeared another face, dark, with ironic eyes, a Dionysiac smile. With a roar of rage and pain, Dan turned and fled.

Spring was again upon the mountains, and, as he ran, blossomy boughs rained upon him loose and fragrant petals, playful winds slapped at him, the small, shut fists of the ferns pushed at his feet that trampled them. In the air was that odour which is the breath of spring. This stir of life and beauty hurt him; this gladness from which he was excluded tortured him; for it was akin to her fairness who was not his, but Aaron's.

The man flung out impotent, clawing hands, lifted to the unmoved sky a distorted face. Then:

"Aaron!" he screamed. "Aaron! Come

out o' that grave you're hidin' in! You coward, come on out an' wrestle with me, 'stead o' skulkin' behin' a poor girl's soul an' pullin' her down to hell!" He ground his teeth, glared about him, whirled, balled his fists. "Come on, I tell you! You're loafin' around somewheres—I know yo' ways, Aaron! You wasn't a man livin' an' you ain't a man dead, but in the name o' God Almighty I'm callin' on you to rise up an' face me! Aaron! Aaron!" All the mountain rang with that far-flung, piercing cry.

He had paused at a point where the trail opened airily, making a lane that, above, vanished in the sky, and, below, disappeared in a green sea. And out of the green sea below, coming swiftly, as if in response to that frantic summons, appeared a tall figure. Fearlessly it advanced; now it was nearing him. Through the sudden mist that was clouding his vision, he made out a face—Aaron's. Above the roaring in his ears, a drawing voice called, naming him.

The grave had loosened him—he was here—Aaron—

Dan was too greatly shaken and unstrung by the almost unbearable emotion he had just experienced to face this apparition calmly. He was neither frightened nor surprised, but he felt his senses forsake him. His eyes stared glassily; inarticulately, without words, his lips moved. For a second he stood thus; then he wavered and fell.

He came to with his head upon a stone pillow and a wet handkerchief upon his forehead. He was lying in a sun-and-shadow-dappled glade, the haunted glade in which Eve had danced to Aaron's fluting. Frowning, he turned his head. And there, his hands clasped around his knees, his face lifted to the breeze that stirred his thick hair, sat Aaron. Dan was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment; here was neither woe, nor sign of retribution nor of remorse.

"Just the same!" he groaned. "Not even judgment could change him! Lost, lost!"

"I heard you callin' me," said the ghost, "way down yonder." He nodded downward. "Funny, your knowin' I was about! So I called back—an' you keeled over like dead. Scared me for the minute. Feelin' all right now?"

Dan struggled to sitting posture.

THE QUIVER

"It ain't how I feel," he spat out fiercely, "that counts. You ain't been called up out o' hell to talk about my feelin's. It's what you've done to Eve you're here to answer for." And he darted at his brother a look of rage and hate.

"Eve?" Aaron's voice was flutelike. "Eve? What in the name of creation could I do to Eve, Dan, when I've been yonder, an' she's been here?"

"You could damn her," said Dan, white-lipped, "an' you've done it. Wasn't it enough to be drowned an' dead an' damned yo'self without draggin' Eve along o' you?"

"I did come mighty near bein' drowned an' dead," said Aaron readily enough. "For the rest, you might know what you're talkin' about, but I'm sure I don't."

Dan's heart stood still.

"Aaron!" he said huskily, "at the very worst, you wasn't ever a liar. Speak the truth, now, for God's sake. Aaron, ain't you dead?"

Aaron began to laugh, but stopped, moved by Dan's outburst of agony. For, as Dan grasped the truth, his firm ground of fixed belief shifted under his feet in a moral earthquake. Prayer and faith had been vain; there had been no judgment; the Almighty had not reached out of the storm to sweep the graceless sinner into oblivion. Futile, futile, that which had moved men's hearts to repentance! Power, reputation, conversions, all, all, had been builded upon a lie! The one faint gleam in his blackness was that he was free now of all share in Eve's eternal downfall. Even that could not compensate for the wreck of his career.

While he lay prone upon his face, Aaron, drawing nearer, began to speak. He asked no questions; he merely began to talk, pleasantly, as to one interested, about himself.

"Looked like, when I came to on the wet ground where I'd been tossed by that ragin' river that'd taken me an' the bridge together, somethin' came to along with me. I lay there an' wondered an' wondered what I'd been saved for, what I was good for, anyhow.

"The thought came to me I'd best not go home for a spell, seein' as I'd just keep on worryin' you an' mother. You'd think me drowned, o' course. You wouldn't know I was out in the world tryin' to swim in real, deep water. An' if I went under for good an' all, you wouldn't know that, neither.

"I got to thinkin' about one time when

I was a little shaver, an' was tryin' to make me a banjo out o' a gourd, havin' it all fixed in my head. You came along an' insisted you must show me how to do it. My way wasn't right, you said. You didn't know anythin' about music—an' I did; but that didn't count. You aimed to get me to make that banjo yo' way 'stead o' mine. Well, you got me to make it yo' way—an' it wouldn't play. It never did have any music in it, because I'd bungled it, followin' yo' mind 'stead o' mine, when it was my mind that thought music an' not yo's. Seemed to me, lyin' there all spent an' draggled, I was some considerable like that banjo myself, Dan. I'd never in this world play a real tune if I couldn't make myself after my own mind. An' so I started out to see if I couldn't do it.

"Didn't look like I was good for anythin', anywhere. 'What can you do, young feller?' says folks I asked to let me work for 'em, when they wasn't turnin' me off without askin' me anythin' at all. An', Dan, in a way all you folks 'd been quite right about me. I couldn't do anythin'—nothin' that counted, anyways. So they sent me away, quick. I got to be right smart hungry.

"I came of an evening to a shop with an old fellow sittin' in the door—a Jew, with a grey beard an' a skull cap. I looked at him, an' his eyes was mighty kind—mighty kind! I wasn't what you'd call likely, me bein' in torn clothes, an' with the look o' bein' hungry, but I stopped an' asked him if there wasn't anythin'—*anythin'*—he'd let me do for him.

"'What can you do, my son?' says he. 'My son!' Just like that!

"'I can play,' says I, 'on anythin' that's got a note o' music in it. I can make birds think I'm another bird whistlin' back to 'em; I know where every nest's hid an' how many eggs is in it; an' there ain't a livin' thing I ain't real friends with—'cept folks. An' I'd love them best of all if they'd let me, father,' says I, 'but they won't. For the things I can do ain't the things they want done—not to pay their money out for, leastways. Folks back home said all along I wasn't good for anythin', but somehow I couldn't agree with 'em. An' now the folks here seem to think same as the folks back yonder.' I guess I gulped a little over that, bein' terrible low in my mind.



"I felt like a man that'd been given the love
o' his heart after years o' pinin' for her"—p. 280.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

THE QUIVER

" 'Oh, they do, do they?' says the old man, pullin' his beard an' lookin' at me over his specs. 'Well, come in,' says he. 'You see that fiddle over there, on the top shelf, lyin' all by herself like a lady, in a velvet bed? Take her down,' says he, 'an' let her speak up for you. An' if so be you're a ne'er-do-weel an' a born liar, like most born liars are,' says he, 'she'll tell on you. But if your eyes tell the truth, boy, she'll prove it for you, an' nothin' else'll suit her.'

" So I reached me down an old, old fiddle. Dressed up like a grand lady she was, with mother-o'-pearl an' hand carvin', but under it her beautiful an' shinin' shape was pure an' lovely an' curved like a sweet girl's. An' I loved her with all my heart, at sight.

" I forgot I was hungry an' dirty an' mortal tired an' faint. I felt like a man that'd been given the love o' his heart after years o' pinin' for her, when I got my fiddle in my hands. I suspect she wasn't none too anxious to hear me tinkerin' away at other folks' music; she wanted to listen to what little music was in me myself, that'd come out in tunes. Now an' then I'd made 'em, times I'd seen the wild pink roses showin' themselves for just a shinin' mornin', like the little sweet children that's soon to die; or I'd been watchin' my butterflies drift over the hedges, like flyin', livin' flowers themselves; or I'd seen the cricket's wings sort o' grow out o' a lump of nothin' under my eyes, an' knew I'd caught the Lord at His workin'; or maybe my birds'd been callin' me an' flutterin' about me, lovin', friendly. So I played 'em. An' that old, old fiddle, she knew 'em every one, better'n I did. Remembered 'em, as if she'd been a singin' child herself, out in the April fields, long, long ago, an' was cryin' glad to hear 'em once again, now she was old. Came alive, she did.

" Man, you could hear my birds nest-buildin', in the spring, an' sheer burstin' with the joy o' livin' an' lovin' an' workin'. An' there was all the little, young, rustlin', leaves, an' the dogwood, all in white, an' the wind rock-a-byin' in the pines, an' the brook water singin' in the sun, an' every livin' thing rejoicin' just because it was livin'; not askin' why, you understand, but just takin' life an' bein' glad for what it'd been given. She was a witch, that fiddle. She'd heard an archangel singin' in the mornin', I reckon, an' she'd caught herself a soul out o' it.

" When I'd finished, my old man's eyes was shinin' behind his specs.

" 'Didn't I tell you,' says he, triumphant, 'that you couldn't lie to her?' An' he pointed to the fiddle; only she's a violin, an' him that made her with all the cunnin' o' his hand an' all the love o' his heart's been dead an' dust this five hundred years.

" 'An' now,' says the old fellow, 'before we talk any more, my son, we must eat.'

" Then I remembered how hungry I was; an' when they fixed a place for me at their table, I—I put my head down against it an' cried like a child.

" They kept me. Her name's Bertha, an' his is Jake; but I got to callin' 'em 'mother' an' 'father.' They hadn't ever any children, so I guess we won't none of us break off.

" When I got to lookin' some decenter, he sent for a friend, a man who loves music. So I played for him, too, an' whistled like my birds'd taught me. Dan, Dan, it was bein' able to do somethin' worth while, after all! They said I was a 'find.' So I was tried out at a concert—an' I took. People liked me an' my bird whistlin' an' my field music, right from the start, after they'd once heard us, an' they've kept on likin' us ever since. They don't seem to get tired o' listenin' to us; it's me that's tired enough when I get away.

" I stayed at that a long time, livin' with my folks over the shop, very peaceful an' happy together, an' studyin' with my teachers day an' night. Lord, how glad I was to learn what they could teach me!

" Two years I stayed there, an' then I went on a tour, playin' all over the country. I'd the old violin for my own then, for father said he couldn't think o' partin' us two. I'd been growin' up for her, an' she'd been waitin' for me, these twenty lonesome years. So I found, Dan, that there was more room for me in the world than I could fill, for I could make folks happy through her. Things I'd thought of in the woods an' fields, things I'd dreamed of an' wanted to tell, but couldn't, she sang out loud for me so's folks hear an' understand.

" She's told 'em to high an' low an' good an' bad an' rich an' poor, an' they've blessed her—an' me. They gave me considerable money—more'n I'd ever thought I'd see, much less have. Ar' the newspaper fellows, they came an' heard her, an' talked with

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE —"

me some, an' then they went away an' wrote all about her, an' me, an' they told folks 'Just Aaron' had what's called 'genius.' For, 'What's your name?' says folks. 'Just Aaron I' says I. An' so"—he chuckled—"Just Aaron's a genius, Dan!"

"But come spring, an' I hanker for home. Seemed like I could hear mother movin' about in the kitchen in the mornin' an' smell bacon an' coffee. An'—I always heard little Eve callin' to me, in my dreams. 'Tain't a night I haven't heard Eve callin' an' callin'. An' I wanted to hear you givin' it to us sinners, straight from the shoulder, Dan. I've heard some considerable preachers in the towns, but they ain't none o' 'em got the sort o' real power like's in you. I guess you've got that same thing they call genius, too. An' havin' proved myself to myself, I aimed to come home for a spell. An'—I aimed to come for Eve."

Then Dan told him, rage and shame and humiliation bringing a burning and cruel red to his cheeks in the telling. For had not the God of his faith made a mock of him, cast him off?

Aaron, listening and understanding, shook his head, laid a consoling hand upon his brother's. His eyes were exquisitely gentle.

"Dan," said he softly, "Dan, brother, no! A billion million times, no! It's you that ain't been playin' fair with yo' Maker. You've been tryin' to mortal blind yo'self, squintin' at black rage an' hate an' death an' damnation, with yo' back to the light. Just turn around an' face things, Dan. 'Tain't so much justice an' judgment can somehow keep things straight an' good an' right an' beautiful; it's somethin' higher an' holier—love, Dan, love. Love that holds fast an' sure in the dead black o' night, always workin' so's there'll be light in the mornin'. Love, Dan, love!"

Then he reached for a case leaning against a tree and took from it an old, old violin.

Softly, like a spirit, the old brown violin began to sing, moved by the living touch of genius; consoling, healing, regenerating, rejoicing, breathing power and peace. Softly, like a spirit, music stole silver-footed through the mountain woods and was at home with the spring upon them.

The girl wandering there disconsolate, with a heart of stone in her young bosom, for all the green growth about her, heard the

sound and trembled. Light leaped into her eyes; her lips parted.

"That's Aaron!" she breathed. "That's Aaron!" and ran toward the glade they two had loved. Always she had divined that if ever he could come back it would be there that he must make himself known.

Doubt and despair slipped from her, outworn and outgrown sheaves, pushed aside by a green inflorescence, the little new bursting buds of hope. She felt the fresh dew of her youth upon her. There was no cold and cruel judgment, no horror of death. She wished to sing, to shout, to laugh, to clap her hands childishly; for she could hear her loosened heart's high "Praise! Praise! Praise!" mounting skyward, with the voice of the violin, in a lyric and lark-like rapture. For God was in His heaven—and it was spring—and Aaron had come back!

Dan, too, heard that clear, insistent call. The hours he had spent with innocent Eve among the fields, in the mountain woods; other darker days of bitterest doubt; nights of anguished prayer; the sad torment of unreturned affection; the newer and more bitter humiliation; the false pride laid in the dust; and, intertwining this, the poignant relief of being free of Eve's damnation—all this had prepared and humbled Dan to hear and to understand.

Now the voice spoke articulately. He heard words; they were alive, as Aaron was alive, as all things are alive in all the universe. Holily, healingly alive.

"The love of God—and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost—be with us all—for evermore—Amen."

This, this was the final judgment, the judgment of spring—life, not death. One knew it now unforgettably, as Aaron, who made music because of it, had known. "The love of God——"

At that a thing that had lain shrouded, corpse-like and sepulchred, in Dan's breast, of a sudden stood up and sang like a seraph. It put a new face upon all things, easily filled the over-arching skies. Something tremendously and awesomely big and real and vital, the exquisite miracle that changes the water of common life into the wine of immortality; from the back of his mind, where they had lain forgotten so long, there seemed to drift the words, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am

THE QUIVER

become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And though I have the gift of prophecy, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing."

Aaron ceased playing. His eyes, curiously childlike in their clear candour, wandered lover-like about the familiar woods. And there, among green leaves, pink and white like the mountain laurel, Eve's face blossomed out at him.

But Dan had leaped to his feet.

"Glory!" he shouted, and flung out his arms in an all-embracing gesture. "Born again! *The greatest of these is love!* No cuttin' off o' a man without mercy nor hope nor pity—nothin' but just me like a fool tryin' to blacken the love o' God! Give me breath to spread the tidin's! I've come alive! I've come alive!" He turned a morning face upon the violinist—and then he saw Eve.

Aaron had risen, and was holding out his hand, with a beckoning and coaxing gesture, as to a dear and beloved child. And with a soft and happy cry, Eve ran to him, clung to him, and lifted to his a face all sweet and shining and pearly pure and full of love and faith.

The minister stood and watched them, as with eyes of a larger vision. In that new, glorious flowering of faith was no room for the canker of hate, the gall of jealousy. Gallantly, almost joyfully, Dan made his renunciation; and the pain of it was not without a certain sweetness, a promise of peace.

"Aaron," said he, and though his eyes were a thought wistful, his voice was bell-like, "Brother Aaron, play once more, for God gave you the power o' sweet sound to work for His glory. Play 'Coronation,' play 'Coronation,' Aaron, for Eve an' me. For you've come home alive—and we that was blind see."

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

A New Year's Message

By CHARLES GRANT MILLER

TO-DAY is a small space—only a lightning-rift in the dark,

But of all the uncharted ocean of eternity it is all that is really ours.

A wild bird's song is a little thing—faint in the deeps of the morning sky,
And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody, earth's green is brighter and life is sweeter through all the livelong day.

A blooming rose is a little thing—its glow soon fades and its scent is gone,
But earth's wise men, from Solomon down, can't tell whence it comes or whither it goes, though the simplest know that it mellowes the heart and sweetens the soul.

A passing smile is a little thing—eclipsed by the gloom of toil and care,
And yet the heart with woe oppressed, and the life grown weary with burdens hard, is happier far in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.

The coo of babes is a little thing—capricious sounds from untaught minds,
But it's the one voice all nations heed; the common tongue that all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas! forgot,
Yet it typifies to blind humankind the tenderness of love divine that bears with patience, calm and sweet, the wilful wrong in these lives of ours.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies,
But the heart that gives and the heart that hears know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song, the lullaby and the coo of babes, in what men call the celestial choir, in the incense breath and the rose-glow smile of the heavenly to-day.

WAR AND THE UNDERWORLD

How the War has affected the "Submerged Tenth"

By DENIS CRANE

What has been the effect of the War on the lowest scale of social life—the tramp, vagrant, and "submerged tenth" generally? Mr. Denis Crane has an intimate knowledge of conditions in the "underworld," and I asked him to make a personal investigation. Here is what he reports.

TRAMPS are a diminishing quantity these war times, and those that remain are men of some individuality. I exclude the maimed and the feeble-minded, and I admit that the individuality is not that of *les gens du monde*. Otherwise the statement may stand.

Classification is difficult, but the remnant sons of Ishmael approximate to two types. In various grades of similitude I have encountered them, these past few weeks, in the Green Park, on Embankment seats, and where the rough night winds have driven them, like fallen leaves, to charitable holes and corners.

Portraits from Life

Here are two portraits from the life.

A ruddy, mellow visage, framed in grey; the nose long and luminous, large and pendulous the lips, small and blue the eye, of the species known as "fishy." A battered billycock crowns this ripe and not glaringly unhappy head. The slouching figure is swathed—no other word will do, there are so many overlappings—in an accretion of old garments that, burst in sundry places and divers manners, remind one, save as to colour, of nothing so much as the decayed cerements of a mishandled mummy.

We occupied, at a discreet interval, a seat close to the training ship *Northampton*, an allusion to which served to open a conversation on the war.

"Ain't it a spectacle," quoth he, when confidence had been established by the loan of my pouch, "all these millions o' blokes a-snipin' away at each other an' blowin' each other to bits? Funny game, too, for

them as likes it, poppin' yer 'ead out o' them trenches an' then bobbin' it down again. 'Arf ov 'em don't know what they doin' it for, no more than me an' you. An' we don't know 'ow it's goin'. The newspapers don't know. No more don't Kitchener. It's a toss up, that's what it is. However, the bloomin' Germans won't do no goose step on us, not now; you're safe to bet on that. But there's one thing I don't like, mister. I don't like that Russian Kayser takin' over his army. Some bloke's bin an' made a bloomer, you take my word. . . . No, you're right, guv'ner, them recruitin' chaps ain't got nothin' on me. I bin on the road too long—all me natural. But they mopped up lots o' the young 'uns. . . . But when I thinks o' the brass they're spendin'! Millions ov it—m-i-l-l-i-o-n-s. Strike me! Why, them big guns blows away thousands a minute. Give me the price o' the stink ov it, I say. . . ."

The Very Lowest Dregs

The other fellow, who also shall stand for his type, I had to stalk in the Park. When first I perceived him he was engaged in a pastime that, if I should give it a name, the Editor would rightly censor, and was attracting too much resentful attention for me to associate with him then; so I tracked him from spot to spot until he at length lay down under a tree. A request for a light evoked no response but a vindictive glare, and a "fag" that I tossed towards him was seized wolfishly but without a word.

Knowledge of your man is everything in these matters, however, and I abode my time. Little by little I drew him out. But

THE QUIVER

what obscenity, what degradation! Hardly thirty, he seemed, by his language, to have soaked in the very cesspools of life. Every phrase reeked of lewdness, every sentence was punctuated with an oath. Not a thought or an aspiration rose above the level of the sewer. As he croaked out his profanity and hate he tugged at his neckerchief to give them freer egress.

"The war? Curse the war. It ain't done me no good. 'Why don't yer enlist?' 'Why don't yer work an' 'elp yer country?'—I'm fed up to the neck with it. Enlist! 'Ands orf. Let 'em cop the mugs, and the blighters what's doin' all the talkin'. You don't ketch *them* doin' much—except swankin' an' bleedin' the pore. Suckers, that's what they are. Swankin' about with tarts in taxis an' restarongs, while the other blokes does all the scrappin'—the more fools them. 'Elp yer country! Lot yer country does for you, don't it? What's it done for me? What about the old soldiers we got 'ere now? They make a 'ell of a fuss ov yer until they sucked yer dry, an' then it's the old story, 'Let old acquaintance be forgot.' . . . Don't you talk to me about munition work, mister," savagely. "I'm not goin' to sweat my guts out to make no sanguinary capitalist a millionaire . . ."

"But the Government—"

"The Government! Stow it. They're the biggest suckers o' the lot, doin' the Marconi trick all over again, an' workin' in their pals. A bloomin' lot o' swine . . ."

Passion choked further utterance, and I withdrew.

In the Casual Wards

But tramps are not the only tenants of the underworld, and we may turn with more profit—and a shade more pity—to the grey figures that haunt the casual wards, the shelters, the common lodging-houses of our sad-gay city. How has the war affected these?

Let us begin with the casual wards. In the metropolitan area there are eleven. Since the 31st March, 1912, they have all been under the jurisdiction of the Asylums Board, which has unified and improved their administration, and issues periodical returns. The reports of the Board furnish instructive reading and give arm chair theorists furiously to think.

One result of the new method of admini-

stration has been a steady decrease in the number of inmates of the wards. To this decrease, prior to the war, mild weather and improved trade conditions further contributed. But over and above these causes there has, during the past year, been another operating. It is undoubtedly the war.

Although no special instructions are given to refuse admission to men fit and of military age, this class has practically disappeared from the wards, some having joined His Majesty's Forces and some being engaged in trench-digging. A comparison of present figures with those before the war will more graphically indicate the change. Thus the number of inmates on the first Friday in each month was:—

	1911	1912
January	287	224
February	279	195
March	282	193
April	230	151
May	311	128
June	258	145
July	160	96
August	340	119
September	195	112
Average	262	145

The men who use the wards to-day, the authorities assure me, are almost without exception either physically unfit or beyond military age.

A Personal Experience

Since war began, other occupations have kept me from indulging my taste for first-hand studies of the depths, and when I undertook the investigations that form the basis of this paper it was my first experience of the underworld in outer darkness. In the City, the West End, and the suburbs, we have become accustomed to the gloom; but to plunge into the noisome courts and by-ways of East London when even the murky lights of normal days were darkened was to enter a deeper abyss.

The flitting human figures, sombre enough at the best of times, lost their contour in the enveloping night, assumed unearthly and protean shapes, and added to revolt of the senses fear of the unknown. It was trying to the nerves, to say the least, when passing some low doorway in a lonely spot, for a mass of darkness palpable suddenly to rise from the step on which it had been crouching.

WAR AND THE UNDERWORLD

and almost touch you as it shuffled off. As I turned down a narrow passage near the docks I collided with one of those spectres. The shock was mutual, and as a shaken tree will disengage its odour, so there remained to me of this invisible encounter nothing but muttered blasphemies and an offensive smell. In the dark all the senses become more acute. The straining eye might make out less, but the ear, the nostrils, and even the palate, were often outraged.

With the Outcasts

In turn I visited the nightly resorts of the outcast and the shiftless—those charitable institutions that, while sheltering sometimes the loafer and the "born tired," do ameliorate the stony lot of the aged and the unfortunate.

What a change at Medland Hall. In normal times this asylum of the penniless trembles with the nocturnal noises of close on three hundred men. To-night there are barely fifty. In January and February, the busiest months of the year, there were a hundred as compared with more than thrice that number in pre-war days. The very manager has enlisted, and the night-watchman has gone. The staff is a band of physical inefficient.

The ground floor, where usually grim figures lie tossing in their bunks, is swept and garnished with empty benches, like a parish hall. The top floor, too, is vacant. Only the gallery, between the two, is occupied. And here, stepping between the bunks, one sees only grey heads or able-bodied men above military age.

No "Eligibles"

The fact is there are now no eligible men to be found here. In the early days, recruiting officers came down and took men away in batches. Able-bodied men of military age are no longer admitted—except an occasional one engaged on munition work who is penniless until he gets his pay. At Woolwich, I understand, no wages are paid until the end of the second week. For those on whom such rules bear hardly, Medland Hall and kindred institutions are a god-send.

In the Church Army homes and shelters wholesale changes have been made. Instructions have been issued not to admit the able-bodied, and those who now use the

various premises—a greatly diminished army—are old or decrepit. Some of the homes are being used for other purposes. One is a munition works, another a hospital, a third is given up to wounded Belgians. All are being carried on, however, clean and in good repair, ready for the rush that is anticipated after the war. In the meantime, relief work is confined to those whom the present situation does not touch, except to aggravate their distress.

At the Labour Exchange in the Whitechapel Road a fair number of regular down-and-outs have applied for jobs, and a great many of the class that regularly uses charitable shelters have been enlisted in the Army Service Corps, in the Transport Service, or in the Labour Battalions for trench digging.

But the Exchange still has to deal with a considerable remnant of helpless men—helpless, of course, from the Exchange's point of view; men, that is, who are incapable of keeping any situation and who, if sent to prospective employers, would merely discredit the Exchange; but, though helpless, not necessarily hopeless if some human salvage agency, such as the Salvation Army, would take them in hand.

Salvation Army Shelters

The war, while it has radically changed the situation at some of the Salvation Army shelters, at others has merely added new embarrassments. At Whitechapel Road, where there are bunks and beds for two hundred (including accommodation for the staff), I was greeted with the notice "All Bunks Full." But there are here some thirty or forty permanent boarders. With few exceptions, the whole two hundred were old men, or men with some disqualification for the Forces. There has, in fact, been no slacking here. The Adjutant in charge himself became a recruiting officer and enlisted men right away. On the occasion of the munitions registration it was found that about thirty per cent. of the inmates were over sixty-five years of age. Those present when I called were a miserable class of men. The Salvation Army, as is well known, draws as much as possible upon the inmates to fill up vacancies in the working staff. This practice is now unusually difficult, the men are so hopelessly inefficient.

Middlesex Street, whither so many of the

THE QUIVER

Embankment outcasts used to be drafted, is now a soldiers' hotel and recreation hall, all decorated with bunting and set out with tables and pastime facilities. One section of the premises is still used by working men of the casual type, but not more than a score of regular outcasts now present themselves at any time.

At the Blackfriars Shelter, on the other hand, things go on much as usual, except that, of the seven hundred bunks, seventy are now unoccupied o' nights, while three-fourths of the applicants for admission are old or unfit.

The End of the "Homeless"

One good thing the war has done. It has finally cleared the streets of those regiments of cadaverous shadows that haunted the Embankment and certain parts of Central London. The united efforts of the authorities and the various charitable agencies had, indeed, already reduced them near to the vanishing point. The census of homeless persons in the streets, taken by the London County Council in February, 1911, showed a total of 1,026; that taken in the same month in 1914 showed 434 only. And even these were not allowed to congregate; were, in fact, being dealt with under a new and better arrangement.

In October, 1912, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which had been invited to take the matter in hand, opened an office on Waterloo Pier, connected up by telephone with the various casual wards and charitable shelters. Here, between the hours of 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., tickets are distributed to all homeless persons applying for them, whereby a night's food and shelter are assured. In 1913 the average number of applicants per night was about forty. Since the war it has diminished to barely half a dozen.

The Legacy of the Last War

Much of the destitution that has now so effectually been got in hand was the unhappy legacy of the South African War. Charitable workers are naturally deploring the fact that we are now threatened with a repetition of the evil on a far larger scale. Many of the regular users of the casual wards and shelters were old soldiers who, to do them justice, when the war broke out, needed no urging to re-enlist.

It is not necessarily a reflection upon the military or the public authorities that so many men who have fought for their country should be in this condition. Army discipline tends inevitably to irresponsibility. The soldier acts under orders; everything is done for him; he is part of a gigantic machine; in time, he becomes almost a machine himself. The natural result is that, trustworthy and admirable when led, when left to his own devices he too often becomes shiftless and irresponsible, like a ship that has lost its rudder. It is beyond the scope of this article to propose a remedy, but social workers will doubtless take the hint.

War, the Scavenger

In the meantime, the war, as we have seen, is acting as a scavenger. It has left charity to deal only with the aged, the infirm, the physically degenerate, and with elderly tramps of the incorrigible order. For the few lewd young recreants who still loaf about our parks, doing nothing for their country and meriting from her less, there remains only force. But it may be doubted whether they are worth it. For of all the wretched creatures that have ever infested our big cities, these who, having health and youth, will yet neither work nor fight for their imperilled country, and live only to defame her, must be accounted the very dregs of the damned.



Our New Serial Story

MICHAEL

By

E. F. BENSON

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENTS

Michael Comber, the son and heir of Lord Ashbridge, is wearied of the conventional life he is expected to live, and for which he feels he is not fitted. His cousin Francis would have filled the part of the heir to a lord to perfection, but Michael would rather follow his bent towards music. He therefore resigns his commission in the Guards—much to the disgust of his father—and starts for Baireuth. In the train he makes the acquaintance of one Hermann Falbe, an Anglo-Bavarian musician, and the acquaintance soon ripens into friendship. Hermann explains that the Germans are always looking forward to war.

CHAPTER IV (continued)

HERMANN FALBE

"WE Germans are all soldiers, you see," said Hermann. "We start with that. You start by being golfers and cricketers. But 'der Tag' is never quite absent from the German mind. I don't say that all you golfers and cricketers wouldn't make good soldiers, but you've got to be made. You can't be a golfer one day and a soldier the next."

Michael laughed.

"As for that," he said, "I made an uncommonly bad soldier. But I am an even worse golfer. As for cricket—"

Falbe again interrupted.

"Ah, then at last I know two things about you," he said. "You were a soldier and you can't play golf. I have never known so little about anybody after three—four days. However, what is our proverb? 'Live and learn.' But it takes longer to learn than to live. Eh, what nonsense I talk."

He spoke with a sudden irritation, and the laugh at the end of his speech was not one of amusement, but rather of mockery. To Michael this mood was quite inexplicable, but, characteristically, he looked about in himself for the possible explanation of it.

"But what's the matter?" he asked. "Have I annoyed you somehow? I'm awfully sorry."

Falbe did not reply for a moment.

"No, you've not annoyed me," he said.

"I've annoyed myself. But that's the worst of living on one's nerves, which is the penalty of Baireuth. There is no charge, so to speak, except for your ticket, but a collection is made, as happens at meetings, and you pay with your nerves. You must cancel my annoyance, please. If I showed it I did not mean to."

Michael pondered over this.

"But I can't leave it like that," he said at length. "Was it about the possibility of war, which I said was unthinkable?"

Falbe laughed and turned on his elbow towards Michael.

"No, my dear chap," he said. "You may believe it to be unthinkable, and I may believe it to be inevitable; but what does it matter what either of us believes? *Che sara sara*. It was quite another thing that caused me to annoy myself. It does not matter."

Michael lay back on the soft slope.

"Yet I insist on knowing," he said. "That is, I mean, if it is not private."

Falbe lay quietly with his long fingers in the sediment of pine-needles.

"Well, then, as it is not private, and as you insist," he said, "I will certainly tell you. Does it not strike you that you are behaving like an absolute stranger to me? We have talked of me and my home and my plans all the time since we met at Victoria Station, and you have kept complete silence about yourself. I know nothing of you, not who you are, or what you are, or what your flag is. You fly no

THE QUIVER

flag, you proclaim no identity. You may be a crossing-sweeper, or a grocer, or a marquis, for all I know. Of course, that matters very little; but what does matter is that never for a moment have you shown me not what you happen to be, but what you are. I've got the impression that you are something, that there's a real 'you' in your inside. But you don't let me see it. You send a polite servant to the door when I knock. Probably this sounds very weird and un-English to you. But to my mind it is much more weird to behave as you are behaving. Come out, can't you? Let's look at you."

It was exactly that—that brusque, unsentimental appeal—that Michael needed. He saw himself at that moment, as Falbe saw him, a shelled and muffled figure, intangible and withdrawn, but observing, as it were, through eye-holes, and giving nothing in exchange for what he saw.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's quite true what you tell me. I'm like that. But it really has never struck me that anybody cared to know."

Falbe ceased digging his excavation in the pine-needles and looked up on Michael.

"Goodness, man!" he said; "people care if you'll only allow them to. The indifference of other people is a false term for the secretiveness of oneself. How can they care, unless you let them know what there is to care for?"

"But I'm completely uninteresting," said Michael.

"Yes; I'll judge of that," said Falbe.

Slowly, and with diffident pauses, Michael began to speak of himself, feeling at first as if he was undressing in public. But as he went on he became conscious of the welcome that his story received, though that welcome only expressed itself in perfectly unemotional monosyllables. He might be undressing, but he was undressing in front of a fire. He knew that he uncovered himself to no icy blast or contemptuous rain, as he had felt when, so few days before, he had spoken of himself and what he was to his father. There was here the common land of music to build upon, whereas to Lord Ashbridge that same soil had been, so to speak, the territory of the enemy. And even more than that, there was the instinct, the certain conviction that he was telling his tale to sympathetic ears, to which the mere fact that he was speaking

of himself presupposed a friendly hearing. Falbe, he felt, wanted to know about him, regardless of the nature of his confessions. Had he said that he was an undetected kleptomaniac, Falbe would have liked to know, have been pleased at any tidings, provided only they were authentic. This seemed to reveal itself to him even as he spoke; it had been there waiting for him to claim it, lying there as in a *poste restante*, only ready for its owner.

At the end Falbe gave a long sigh.

"And why ever didn't you give me any hint of it before?" he asked.

"I didn't think it mattered," said Michael.

"Well, then, you are amazingly wrong. My word, it's about the most interesting thing I've ever heard. I didn't know anybody could escape from that awful sort of prison-house in which our—I'm English now—in which our upper class immures itself. Yet you've done it. I take it that the thing is done now?"

"I'm not going back into the prison-house again, if you mean that," said Michael.

"And will your father cut you off?" asked he.

"Oh, I haven't the least idea," said Michael.

"Aren't you going to inquire?"

Michael hesitated.

"No, I'm sure I'm not," he said. "I can't do that. It's his business. I couldn't ask about what he had done, or meant to do. It's a sort of pride, I suppose. He will do as he thinks proper, and when he has thought, perhaps he will tell me what he intends."

"But, then, how will you live?" asked Falbe.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that. I've got some money, quite a lot I mean, from my grandmother. In some ways I rather wish I hadn't. It would have been a proof of sincerity to have become poor. That wouldn't have made the smallest difference to my resolution."

Falbe laughed.

"And so you are rich, and yet go second-class," he said. "If I was rich I should make myself exceedingly comfortable. I like things that are good to eat and soft to touch. But I'm bound to say that I get on quite excellently without them. Being poor does not make the smallest difference to one's happiness, but only to the number of one's pleasures."

MICHAEL

Michael paused a moment, and then found courage to say what for the last two days he had been longing to give utterance to.

"I know; but pleasures are very nice things," he said. "And doesn't it seem obvious now that you are coming to Munich with me? It's a purely selfish suggestion on my part. After being with you it will be very stupid to be alone there. But it would be so delightful if you would come."

Falbe looked at him a moment without speaking, but Michael saw the light in his eyes.

"And what if I have my pride too?" he said.

"Then I shall apologise for having made the proposal," said Michael simply.

For just a second more Falbe hesitated. Then he held out his hand.

"I thank you most awfully," he said. "I accept with the greatest pleasure."

Michael drew a long breath of relief.

"I am glad," he said. "So that's settled. It's really nice of you."

The heat of the day was passing off, and over the sun-bleached plain the coolness of evening was beginning to steal. Overhead the wind stirred more resonantly in the pines, and in the bushes birds called to each other. Presently they rose from where they had lain all the afternoon and strolled along the needled slope to where, through a vista in the trees, they looked down on the lake and the hamlet that clustered near it. Down the road that wound through the trees towards it passed labourers going homeward from their work, with cheerful guttural cries to each other, and a herd of cows sauntered by with bells melodiously chiming, taking leisurely mouthfuls from the herbage of the wayside. In the village, lying low in the clear dusk, scattered lights began to appear, and the smoke of evening fires to ascend, and the aromatic odour of the burning wood strayed towards them up the wind.

Falbe, whose hand lay in the crook of Michael's arm, pointed downwards to the village that lay there sequestered and rural.

"That's Germany," he said; "it's that which lies at the back of every German heart. There lie the springs of the Rhine. It's out of that originally that there came all that Germany stands for, its music, its poetry, its philosophy, its kultur. All flowed from these quiet uplands. It was

here that the nation began to think and to dream. To dream! It's out of dreams that all has sprung."

He laughed.

"And then next week, when we go to Munich, you will find me saying that this, this Athens of a town, with its museums and its galleries and its music, is Germany. I shall be right too. Out of much dreaming comes the need to make. It is when the artist's head and heart are full of his dreams that his hands itch for the palette or the piano. Nuremberg! Cannot we stop a few hours, at least, in Nuremberg, and see the meadow by the Pegnitz where the Meistersingers held their contest of song, and the wooden, gabled house where Albrecht Dürer lived? That will teach you Germany too. The bud of their dream was opening then; and what flower, even in the magnificence of its full-blowing, is so lovely? Albrecht Dürer, with his deep, patient eyes, and his patient hands with their unerring stroke; or Bach, with the fugue flowing from his brain through his quick fingers, making stars—stars fixed for ever in the heaven of harmony! Don't tell me that there is anything in the world more wonderful! We may have invented a few more instruments, we may have experimented with a few more combinations of notes, but in the B minor Mass, or in the music of the *Passion*, all is said. And all that came from the woods and the country and the quiet life in little towns, when the artist did his work because he loved it, and cared not one jot about what anybody else thought about it. We are a nation of thinkers and dreamers."

Michael hesitated a moment.

"But you said not long ago that you were also the most practical nation," he said. "You are a nation of soldiers also."

"And who would not willingly give himself for such a Fatherland?" said Falbe. "If need be, we will lay our lives down for that, and die more willingly than we have lived. God grant that the need comes not. But should it come we are ready. We are bound to be ready; it would be a crime not to be ready—a crime against the Fatherland. We love peace, but the peace-lovers are just those who in war are most terrible. For who are the backbone of war when war comes? The women of the country, my friend, not the ministers, not the generals and the admirals. I don't say they make war, but when war is made

THE QUIVER

they are the spirit of it, because, more than men, they love their homes. There is not a woman in Germany who will not send forth brother and husband and father and child, should the day come. But it will not come from our seeking."

He turned to Michael, his face illuminated by the red glow of the sinking sun.

"Germany will rise as one man if she's told to," he said, "for that is what her unity and her discipline mean. She is patient and peaceful, but she is obedient."

He pointed northwards.

"It is from there, from Prussia, from Berlin," he said, "that the word will come, if they who rule and govern us, and in whose hands are all organisation and equipment, tell us that our national existence compels us to fight. They rule. The Prussians rule; there is no doubt of that. From Germany have come the arts, the sciences, the philosophies of the world, and not from there. But they guard our national life. It is they who watch by the Rhine for us, patient and awake. Should they beckon us one night, on some peaceful August night like this, when all seems so tranquil, so secure, we shall go. The silent beckoning finger will be obeyed from one end of the land to the other, from Poland on the east to France on the west."

He turned away quickly.

"It does not bear thinking of," he said; "and yet there are many, oh, so many, who night and day concern themselves with nothing else. Let us be English again, and not think of anything serious or unpleasant. Already, as you know, I am half English; there is something to build upon. Ah, and this is the sentimental hour, just when the sun begins to touch the horizon line of the stale, weary old earth and turns it into rosy gold and heals its troubles and its weariness. Schön, Schön."

He stood for a moment bareheaded to the breeze, and made a great florid salutation to the sun, now only half-disk above the horizon.

"There! I have said my evensong," he remarked, "like a good German, who always and always is ridiculous to the whole world, except those who are German also. Oh, I can see how we look to the rest of the world so well. Beer mug in one hand, and mouth full of sausage and song, and with the other hand perhaps fingering a revolver. How unreal it must seem to you, how affected, and yet how, in truth, you miss

it all. Scratch a Russian, they say, and you find a Tartar; but scratch a German and you find two things—a sentimentalist and a soldier. Liebe Gott! No, I will say, Good God! I am English again, and if you scratch me you will find a golf ball."

He took Michael's arm again.

"Well, we've spent one day together," he said, "and now we know something of who we are. I put this day in the bank; it's mine or yours or both of ours. I won't tell you how I've enjoyed it, or you will say that I have enjoyed it because I have talked almost all the time. But since it's the sentimental hour, I will tell you that you mistake. I have enjoyed it because I believe I have found a friend."

CHAPTER V

THE OPERA AND THE KAISER

HERMANN FALBE had just gone back to his lodgings at the end of the Richard Wagner Strasse late on the night of their last day at Baireuth, and Michael, who had leaned out of his window to remind him of the hour of their train's departure the next morning, turned back into the room to begin his packing. That was not an affair that would take much time, but since, on this sweltering August night, it would certainly be a process that involved the production of much heat, he made ready for bed first, and went about his preparations in pyjamas. The work of dropping things into a bag was soon over, and finding it impossible to entertain the idea of sleep, he drew one of the stiff, plush-covered arm-chairs to the window and slipped the rein from his thoughts, letting them gallop where they pleased.

In all his life he had never experienced so much sheer emotion as the last week had held for him. He had enjoyed his first taste of liberty; he had stripped himself naked to music; he had found a friend. Any one of these would have been sufficient to saturate him, and they had all, in the decrees of Fate, come together. His life hitherto had been like some dry sponge, dusty and crackling; now it was plunged in the waters of three seas, all incomparably sweet.

He had gained his liberty, and in that process he had forgotten about himself, the self which up till now had been so intolerable a burden. At school, and even before,

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" 'Germany will rise as one
man if she's told to,' he said."

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

THE QUIVER

when first the age of self-consciousness dawned upon him, he had seen himself as he believed others saw him—a queer, awkward, ill-made boy, slow at his work, shy with his fellows, incapable at games. Walled up in this fortress of himself, this gloomy and forbidding fastness, he had altogether failed to find the means of access to others, both to the normal English boys among whom his path lay, and also to his teachers, who, not unnaturally, found him sullen and unresponsive. There was no key among the rather limited bunches at their command which unlocked him, nor at home had anything been found which could fit his wards. It had been the business of school to turn out boys of certain recognised types. There was the clever boy, the athletic boy, the merely pleasant boy; these and the combinations arrived at from these types were the output. There was no use for others.

Then had succeeded those three nightmare years in the Guards, where, with his more mature power of observation, he had become more actively conscious of his inability to take his place on any of the recognised platforms. And all the time, like an owl on his solitary perch, he had gazed out loneliness, while the other birds of day, too polite to mock him, had merely passed him by. One such, it is true—his cousin—had sat by him, and the poor owl's heart had gone out to him. But even Francis, so he saw now, had not understood. He had but accepted the fact of him without repugnance, had been fond of him as a queer sort of kind elder cousin.

Then there was Aunt Barbara. Aunt Barbara, Michael allowed, had understood a good deal; she had pointed out with her unerringly humorous finger the obstacles he had made for himself. But could Aunt Barbara understand the rapture of living which this one week of liberty had given him? That Michael doubted. She had only pointed out the disabilities he made for himself. She did not know what he was capable of in the way of happiness. But he thought, though without self-consciousness, how delightful it would be to show himself, the new, unshelled self, to Aunt Barbara again.

A laughing couple went tapping down the street below his window, boy and girl, with arms and waists interlaced. They were laughing at nothing at all, except that they were boy and girl together and

it was all glorious fun. But the sight of them gave Michael a sudden spasm of envy. With all this enlightenment that had come to him during this last week, there had come no gleam of what that simplest and commonest aspect of human nature meant. He had never felt towards a girl what that round-faced German boy felt. He was not sure, but he thought he disliked girls; they meant nothing to him, anyhow, and the mere thought of his arm round a girl's waist only suggested a very embarrassing attitude. He had nothing to say to them, and the knowledge of his inability filled him with an uncomfortable sense of his want of normality, just as did the consciousness of his long arms and stumpy legs.

There was a night he remembered when Francis had insisted that he should go with him to a discreet little supper party after an evening at the music-hall. There were just four of them—he, Francis, and two companions—and he played the rôle of sour gooseberry to his cousin, who, with the utmost gaiety, had proved himself completely equal to the inauspicious occasion, and had drunk indiscriminately out of both the girls' glasses, and lit cigarettes for them; and, after seeing them both home, had looked in on Michael, and gone into fits of laughter at his general incompatibility.

The steps and conversation passed round the corner, and Michael, stretching his bare toes on to the cool balcony, resumed his researches—those joyful, unegoistic researches into himself. His liberty was bound up with his music; the first gave the key to the second. Often as he had rested, so to speak, in oases of music in London, they were but a pause from the desert of his uncongenial life into the desert again. But now the desert was vanished, and the oasis stretched illimitable to the horizon in front of him. That was where, for the future, his life was to be passed, not idly, sitting under trees, but in the eager pursuit of its unnumbered paths. It was that aspect of it which, as he knew so well, his father, for instance, would never be able to understand. To Lord Ashbridge's mind, music was vaguely connected with white waistcoats and opera glasses and large pink carnations; he was congenitally incapable of viewing it in any other light than a diversion, something that took place between nine and eleven o'clock in the evening, and in smaller quantities at church

MICHAEL

on Sunday morning. He would undoubtedly have said that Handel's *Messiah* was the noblest example of music in the world, because of its subject. Music did not exist for him as a separate, definite and infinite factor of life; and since it did not so exist for himself, he could not imagine it existing for anybody else. That Michael correctly knew to be his father's general demeanour towards life; he wanted everybody in their respective spheres to be like what he was in his. They must take their part, as he undoubtedly did, in the Creation-scheme when the British aristocracy came into being.

A fresh factor had come into Michael's conception of music during these last seven days. He had become aware that Germany was music.

Every moment he spent in this way-side puddle of a town (for so Baireuth seemed to an unbiased view), he became more and more aware that music beat in the German blood even as sport beat in the blood of his own people. During this festival week Baireuth existed only because of that; at other times Baireuth was probably as non-existent as any dull and minor town in the English Midlands. But, owing to the fact of music being for these weeks resident in Baireuth, the sordid little townlet became the capital of the huge, patient empire. It existed just now simply for that reason; to-night, with the curtain of the last act of *Parsifal*, it had ceased to exist again. It was not that a patriotic desire to honour one of the national geniuses in the home where he had been established by the mad genius of a Bavarian king had moved the people; it was because for the moment Baireuth to Germans meant Germany. From Berlin, from Dresden, from Frankfurt, from Luxemburg, from a hundred towns those who were most typically German, whether high or low, rich or poor, made their joyous pilgrimage. Joy and solemnity, exultation and the yearning that could never be satisfied drew them here. And even as music was in Michael's heart, so Germany was there also. They were the people who understood; they did not go to the opera as a be-diamonded interlude between a dinner and a dance; they came to this dreadful little town, the discomforts of which, the utter provinciality of which was transformed into the air of the heavenly Jerusalem, as Hermann Falbe had said, because their souls were fed here with

wine and manna. He would find the same thing at Munich, so Falbe had told him, the next week.

The loves and the tragedies of the great titanic forces that saw the making of the world; the dreams and the deeds of the masters of Nuremberg; above all, sacrifice and enlightenment and redemption of the soul; how, except by music, could these be made manifest? It was the first and only and final alchemy that could by its magic transformation give an answer to the tremendous riddles of consciousness.

Here, then, were two of the initiations that had come, with the swiftness of the spate in Alpine valleys at the melting of the snow, upon Michael: his own liberty, namely, and this new sense of music. He had groped, he felt now, like a blind man in that direction, guided only by his instinct, and on a sudden the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he knew that his instinct had guided him aright. But not less epoch-making had been the dawn of friendship. Throughout the week his intimacy with Hermann Falbe had developed, shooting up like an aloe flower, and rising into sunlight above the mists of his own self-occupied shyness, which had so darkly beset him all life long. He had given the best that he knew of himself to his cousin, but all the time there had never quite been absent from his mind his sense of inferiority, a sort of aching wonder why he could not be more like Francis, more careless, more capable of enjoyment, more of a normal type. But with Falbe he was able for the first time to forget himself altogether; he had met a man who did not recall him to himself, but took him clean out of that tedious dwelling which he knew so well and, indeed, disliked so much. He was rid for the first time of his morbid self-consciousness; his anchor had been taken up from its dragging in the sand, and he rode free, buoyed on waters and taken by tides. It did not occur to him to wonder whether Falbe thought him uncouth and awkward; it did not occur to him to try to be pleasant, a job over which poor Michael had so often found himself dishearteningly incapable; he let himself be himself in the consciousness that this was sufficient.

They had spent the morning together, before this second performance of *Parsifal* that closed their series, in the woods above the theatre, and Michael, no longer blurting out his speeches, but speaking in the quiet,

THE QUIVER

orderly manner in which he thought, discussed his plans.

"I shall come back to London with you after Munich," he said, "and settle down to study. I do know a certain amount about harmony already; I have been mugging it up for the last three years. But I must do something as well as learn something, and, as I told you, I'm going to take up the piano seriously."

Falbe was not attending particularly.

"A fine instrument, the piano," he remarked. "There is certainly something to be done with a piano, if you know how to do it. I can strum a bit myself. Some keys are harder than others—the black notes."

"Yes; what of the black notes?" asked Michael.

"Oh! they're black. The rest are white. I beg your pardon!"

Michael laughed.

"When you have finished drivelling," he said, "you might let me know."

"I have finished drivelling, Michael. I was thinking about something else."

"Not really?"

"Really."

"Then it was impolite of you, but you haven't any manners. I was talking about my career. I want to do something, and these large hands are really rather nimble. But I must be taught. The question is whether you will teach me."

Falbe hesitated.

"I can't tell you," he said, "till I have heard you play. It's like this: I can't teach you to play unless you know how, and I can't tell if you know how until I have heard you. If you have got that particular sort of temperament that can put itself into the notes out of the ends of your fingers, I can teach you, and I will. But if you haven't, I shall feel bound to advise you to try the jews' harp, and see if you can get it out of your teeth. I'm not mocking you; I fancy you know that. But some people, however keenly and rightly they feel, cannot bring their feelings out through their fingers. Others can; it is a special gift. If you haven't got it, I can't teach you anything, and there is no use in wasting your time and mine. You can teach yourself to be frightfully nimble with your fingers, and all the people who don't know will say: 'How divinely Mister Comber plays! That sweet thing; is it Brahms or Mendelssohn?' But I can't really help

you towards that; you can do that for yourself. But if you've got the other, I can and will teach you all that you really know already."

"Go on!" said Michael.

"That's just the matter with the piano," said Falbe. "It's the easiest instrument of all to make a show on, and it is the rarest sort of person who can play on it. That's why, all those years, I have hated giving lessons. If one has to, as I have had to, one must take any awful miss with a pig-tail, and make a sham pianist of her. One can always do that. But it would be waste of time for you and me; you wouldn't want to be made a sham pianist, and simply I wouldn't make you one."

Michael turned round.

"Goodness!" he said, "the suspense is worse than I can bear. Isn't there a piano in your room? Can't we go down there, and have it over?"

"Yes, if you wish. I can tell at once if you are capable of playing—at least, whether I think you are capable of playing—whether I can teach you."

"But I haven't touched a piano for a week," said Michael.

"It doesn't matter whether you've not touched a piano for a year."

Michael had not been prevented by the economy that made him travel second-class from engaging a carriage by the day at Baireuth, since that clearly was worth while, and they found it waiting for them by the theatre. There was still time to drive to Falbe's lodging and get through this crucial ordeal before the opera, and they went straight there. A very venerable instrument, which Falbe had not yet opened, stood against the wall, and he struck a few notes on it.

"Completely out of tune," he said; "but that doesn't matter. Now then!"

"But what am I to play?" asked Michael.

"Anything you like."

He sat down at the far end of the room, put his long legs up on to another chair and waited. Michael sent a despairing glance at that gay face, suddenly grown grim, and took his seat. He felt a paralyzing conviction that Falbe's judgment, whatever that might turn out to be, would be right, and the knowledge turned his fingers stiff. From the few notes that Falbe had struck he guessed on what sort of instrument his ordeal was to take place, and yet he knew that Falbe himself would have

MICHAEL

been able to convey to him the sense that he could play, though the piano was all out of tune, and there might be dumb, disconcerting notes in it. There was justice in Falbe's dictum about the temperament that lay behind the player, which would assert itself through any faultiness of instrument, and through, so he suspected, any faultiness of execution.

He struck a chord, and heard it jangle dissonantly.

"Oh, it's not fair," he said.

"Get on!" said Falbe.

In spite of Germany there occurred to Michael a Chopin prelude, at which he had worked a little during the last two months in London. The notes he knew perfectly; he had believed also that he had found a certain conception of it as a whole, so that he could make something coherent out of it, not merely adding bar to correct bar. And he began the soft repetition of chord-quavers with which it opened.

Then, after stumbling wretchedly through two lines of it, he suddenly forgot himself and Falbe, and the squealing unresponsive notes. He heard them no more, absorbed in the knowledge of what he meant by them, of the mood which they produced in him. His great, ungainly hands had all the gentleness and self-control that strength gives, and the finger-filling chords were as light and as fine as the settling of some poised bird on a bough. In the last few lines of the prelude a deep bass note had to be struck at the beginning of each bar; this Michael found was completely dumb, but so clear and vivid was the effect of it in his mind that he scarcely noticed that it returned no answer to his finger. . . . At the end he sat without moving, his hands dropped on to his knees.

Falbe got up and, coming over to the piano, struck the bass note himself.

"Yes, I knew it was dumb," he said, "but you made me think it wasn't. . . . You got quite a good tone out of it."

He paused a moment, again striking the dumb note, as if to make sure that it was soundless.

"Yes; I'll teach you," he said. "All the technique you have got, you know, is wrong from beginning to end, and you mustn't mind unlearning all that. But you've got the thing that matters."

All this stewed and seethed in Michael's mind as he sat that night by the window

looking out on to the silent and empty street. His thoughts flowed without check or guide from his will, wandering wherever their course happened to take them, now lingering, like the water of a river in some deep, still pool, when he thought of the friendship that had come into his life, now excitedly plunging down the foam of swift-flowing rapids in the exhilaration of his newly-found liberty, now proceeding with steady current at the thought of the weeks of unremitting industry at a beloved task that lay in front of him. He could form no definite image out of these which should represent his ordinary day; it was all lost in a bright haze through which its shape was but faintly discernible; but life lay in front of him with promise, a thing to be embraced and greeted with welcome and eager hands, instead of being a mere marsh through which he had to plod with labouring steps, a business to be gone about without joy and without conviction in its being worth while.

He wondered for a moment, as he rose to go to bed, what his feelings would have been if, at the end of his performance on the sore-throated and voiceless piano, Falbe had said: "I'm sorry, but I can't do anything with you." As he knew, Falbe intended for the future only to take a few pupils, and chiefly devote himself to his own practice with a view to emerging as a concert-giver the next winter; and as Michael had sat down, he remembered telling himself that there was really not the slightest chance of his friend accepting him as a pupil. He did not intend that this rejection should make the smallest difference to his aim, but he knew that he would start his work under the tremendous handicap of Falbe not believing that he had it in him to play, and under the disappointment of not enjoying the added intimacy which work with and for Falbe would give him. Then he had engaged in this tussle with refractory notes till he quite lost himself in what he was playing, and thought no more either of Falbe or the piano, but only of what the melody meant to him. But at the end, when he came to himself again, and sat with dropped hands waiting for Falbe's verdict, he remembered how his heart seemed to hang poised until it came. He had rehearsed again to himself his fixed determination that he would play and could play, whatever his friend might think about it; but there was no doubt that he waited with a greater suspense than he had ever



" 'They are taking the opening scene a little too slow,' he said.
' I shall call the director's attention to it ' '—p. 300.



Drawn by
Stanley Doyle.

THE QUIVER

known in his life before for that verdict to be made known to him.

Next day came their journey to Munich, and the installation in the best hotel in Europe. Here Michael was host, and the economy which he practised when he had only himself to provide for, and which made him go second-class when travelling, was, as usual, completely abandoned now that the pleasure of hospitality was his. He engaged at once the best double suite of rooms that the hotel contained, two bedrooms with bathrooms, and an admirable sitting-room looking spaciouly out on to the square, and with brusque decision silenced Falbe's attempted remonstrance. "Don't interfere with my show, please," he had said, and proceeded to inquire about a piano to be sent in for the week. Then he turned to his friend again. "Oh, we are going to enjoy ourselves," he said, with an irresistible sincerity.

Tristan und Isolde was given on the third day of their stay there, and Falbe, over the morning German paper, found news.

"The Kaiser has arrived," he said. "There's a truce in the army manœuvres for a couple of days, and he has come to be present at *Tristan* this evening. He's travelled three hundred miles to get here, and will go back to-morrow. The *Reise-Kaiser*, you know."

Michael looked up with some slight anxiety.

"Ought I to write my name or anything?" he asked. "He has stayed several times with my father."

"Has he? But I don't suppose it matters. The visit is a widely-advertised incognito. That's his way. God be with the All-highest," he added.

"Well, I shan't," said Michael. "But it would shock my father dreadfully if he knew. The Kaiser looks on him as the type and model of the English nobleman."

Michael crunched one of the inimitable breakfast rusks in his teeth.

"Say, what a day we had when he was at Ashbridge last year," he said. "We began at eight with a review of the Suffolk Yeomanry; then we had a pheasant shoot from eleven till three; then the Emperor had out a steam launch and careered up and down the river till six, asking a thousand questions about the tides and the currents and the navigable channels. Then he lectured us on the family portraits till dinner; after dinner there was a concert,

at which he conducted the 'Song to Aegir,' and then there was a torchlight fandango by the tenants on the lawn. He was on his holiday, you must remember."

"I heard the 'Song to Aegir' once," remarked Falbe, with a perfectly level intonation.

"I was—er—luckier," remarked Michael politely, "because on that occasion I heard it twice. It was encored."

"And what did it sound like the second time?" asked Falbe.

"Much as before," said Michael.

The advent of the Emperor had put the whole town in a ferment. Though the visit was quite incognito, an enormous military staff which had been poured into the town might have led the thoughtful to suspect the Kaiser's presence, even if it had not been announced in the largest type in the papers, and marchings and counter-marchings of troops and sudden bursts of national airs proclaimed the august presence. He held an informal review of certain Bavarian troops not out for manœuvres in the morning, visited the sculpture gallery and pinacothek in the afternoon, and when Hermann and Michael went up to the theatre they found rows of soldiers drawn up, and inside unusual decorations over a section of stalls which had been removed and was converted into an enormous box. This was in the centre of the first tier, nearly at right angles to where they sat, in the front row of the same tier; and when, with military punctuality, the procession of uniforms, headed by the Emperor, filed in, the whole of the crowded house stood up and broke into a roar of recognition and loyalty.

For a minute, or perhaps more, the Emperor stood facing the house with his hand raised in salute, a figure the uprightness of which made him look tall. His brilliant uniform was ablaze with decorations; he seemed every inch a soldier and a leader of men. For that minute he stood looking neither to the right nor left, stern and almost frowning, with no shadow of a smile playing on the tightly-drawn lips, above which his moustache was brushed upwards in two stiff protuberances towards his eyes. He was there just then not to see, but to be seen, his incognito was momentarily in abeyance, and he stood forth the supreme head of his people, the All-highest War Lord, who had come that day from the field, to which he would return

MICHAEL

across half Germany to-morrow. It was an impressive and dignified moment, and Michael heard Falbe say to himself: "Kaiserlich! Kaiserlich!"

Then it was over. The Emperor sat down, beckoned to two of his officers, who had stood in a group far at the back of the box, to join him, and with one on each side he looked about the house and chatted to them. He had taken out his opera-glass, which he adjusted, using his right hand only, and looked this way and that, as if, incognito again, he was looking for friends in the house. Once Michael thought that he looked rather long and fixedly in his direction, and then, putting down his glass, he said something to one of the officers, this time clearly pointing towards Michael. Then he gave some signal, just raising his hand towards the orchestra, and immediately the lights were put down, the whole house plunged in darkness, except where the lamps in the sunk orchestra faintly illuminated the base of the curtain, and the first longing, unsatisfied notes of the prelude began.

The next hour passed for Michael in one unbroken mood of absorption. The supreme moment of knowing the music intimately and of never having seen the opera before was his, and all that he had dreamed of or imagined as to the possibilities of music was flooded and drowned in the thing itself. You could not say that it was more gigantic than *The Ring*, more human than the *Meistersingers*, more emotional than *Parsifal*, but it was utterly and wholly different from anything else he had ever seen or conjectured. Falbe, he himself, the thronged and silent theatre, the Emperor, Munich, Germany, were all blotted out of his consciousness. He just watched, as if discarnate, the unrolling of the decrees of Fate which were to bring so simple and overpowering a tragedy on the two who drained the love-potion together. And at the end he fell back in his seat, feeling thrilled and tired, exhilarated and exhausted.

"Oh, Hermann," he said, "what years I've wasted!"

"You've wasted more than you know yet," he said. "Hallo!"

A very resplendent officer had come clanking down the gangway next them. He put his heels together and bowed.

"Lord Comber, I think?" he said in excellent English.

Michael roused himself.

"Yes?" he said.

"His Imperial Majesty has done me the honour to desire you to come and speak to him," he said.

"Now?" said Michael.

"If you will be so good," and he stood aside for Michael to pass up the stairs in front of him.

In the wide corridor behind he joined him again.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Count von Bergmann," he said, "and one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp. The Kaiser always speaks with great pleasure of the visits he has paid to your father, and he saw you immediately he came into the theatre. If you will permit me, I would advise you to bow, but not very low, respecting His Majesty's incognito, to seat yourself as soon as he desires it, and to remain till he gives you some speech of dismissal. Forgive me for going in front of you here. I have to introduce you to His Majesty's presence."

Michael followed him down the steps to the front of the box.

"Lord Comber, All-highest," he said, and instantly stood back.

The Emperor rose and held out his hand, and Michael, bowing over it as he took it, felt himself seized in the famous grip of steel, of which its owner as well as its recipient was so conscious.

"I am much pleased to see you, Lord Comber," said he. "I could not resist the pleasure of a little chat with you about our beloved England. And your excellent father, how is he?"

He indicated a chair to Michael, who, as advised, instantly took it, though the Emperor remained a moment longer standing.

"I left him in very good health, your Majesty," said Michael.

"Ah! I am glad to hear it. I desire you to convey to him my friendliest greetings, and to your mother also. I well remember my last visit to his house above the tidal estuary at Ashbridge, and I hope it may not be very long before I have the opportunity to be in England again."

He spoke in a voice that seemed rather hoarse and tired, but his manner expressed the most courteous cordiality. His face, which had been as still as a statue's when he showed himself to the house, was now never in repose for a moment. He kept turning his head, which he carried very

THE QUIVER

upright, this way and that as he spoke; now he would catch sight of someone in the audience to whom he directed his glance, now he would peer over the edge of the low balustrade, now look at the group of officers who stood apart at the back of the box.

His whole demeanour suggested a nervous, highly-strung condition; the restlessness of it was that of a man overstrained, who had lost the capability of being tranquil. Now he frowned, now he smiled, but never for a moment was he quiet. Then he launched a perfect hailstorm of questions at Michael, to the answers to which (there was scarcely time for more than a monosyllable in reply) he listened with an eager and a suspicious attention. They were concerned at first with all sorts of subjects: inquired if Michael had been at Baireuth, what he was going to do after the Munich festival was over, if he had English friends here. He inquired Falbe's name, looked at him for a moment through his glasses, and desired to know more about him. Then, learning he was a teacher of the piano in England, and had a sister who sang, he expressed great satisfaction.

"I like to see my subjects, when there is no need for their services at home," he said, "learning about other lands, and bringing also to other lands the culture of the Fatherland, even as it always gives me pleasure to see the English here, strengthening by the study of the arts the bonds that bind our two great nations together. You English must learn to understand us and our great mission, just as we must learn to understand you."

Then the questions became more specialised, and concerned the state of things in England. He laughed over the disturbances created by the Suffragettes, was eager to hear what politicians thought about the state of things in Ireland, made specific inquiries about the Territorial Force, asked about the Navy, the state of the drama in London, the coal strike which was threatened in Yorkshire. Then suddenly he put a series of personal questions.

"And you, you are in the Guards, I think?" he said.

"No, sir; I have just resigned my commission," said Michael.

"Why? Why is that? Have many of your officers been resigning?"

"I am studying music, your Majesty," said Michael.

"I am glad to see you came to Germany to do it. Berlin? You ought to spend a couple of months in Berlin. Perhaps you are thinking of doing so."

He turned round quickly to one of his staff who had approached him.

"Well, what is it?" he said.

Count von Bergmann bowed low.

"The Herr-Director," he said, "humbly craves to know whether it is your Majesty's pleasure that the opera shall proceed."

The Kaiser laughed.

"There, Lord Comber," he said, "you see how I am ordered about. They wish to cut short my conversation with you. Yes, Bergmann, we will go on. You will remain with me, Lord Comber, for this act."

Immediately after the lights were lowered again, the curtain rose, and a most distracting hour began for Michael. His neighbour was never still for a single moment. Now he would shift in his chair, now with his hand he would beat time on the red velvet balustrade in front of him, and a stream of whispered appreciation and criticism flowed from him.

"They are taking the opening scene a little too slow," he said. "I shall call the director's attention to that. But that crescendo is well done; yes, that is most effective. The shawl—observe the beautiful lines into which the shawl falls as she waves it. That is wonderful—a very impressive entry. Ah, but they should not cross the stage yet; it is more effective if they remain longer there. Brangäne sings finely; she warns them that the doom is near."

"Brangäne is playing gooseberry, as you say in England," he went on. "A big gooseberry; is she not? Ah, bravo! bravo! Wunderschön! Yes, enter King Mark from his hunting. Very fine. Say I was particularly pleased with the entry of King Mark, Bergmann. A wonderful act! Wagner never touched greater heights."

At the end the Emperor rose and again held out his hand.

"I am pleased to have seen you, Lord Comber," he said. "Do not forget my message to your father; and take my advice and come to Berlin in the winter. We are always pleased to see the English in Germany."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S GAMES

Where they come from, and how they reflect the Nation's History

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

UNCONSCIOUS of the hoary age of their beloved games, elder children have taught younger ones to play them, generation after generation, until to-day these games have become a veritable hunting ground of historic treasure. Great pains have been taken to collect the most popular traditional games, to stamp and label different versions with the districts in which they are played, and so to preserve these gems from the dim far-off days.

The child, unconscious that he is learning to control and develop sight, muscles and intelligence when tossing and catching a ball, knows not that his ancestors used the ball in martial exercises. Yet history repeats itself. To-day the skill of the bowler is proving useful in bomb and grenade throwing in the trenches.

It is a curious fact that the traditional games of children still bear the impress of common ancestry in countries remote from that of the parent race, wherever they have been carefully preserved; this makes the study of such games an absorbing one for the student of mankind, for they reflect the social and domestic customs, religious rites, methods of tribal war-

fare, and spiritual beliefs of our forbears.

Besides, it is alleged that in its development the child passes through stages similar to those experienced by the race; therefore we turn attention to games to try to discover the unwritten history of our nation.

In this we are not disappointed; the games reflect much of the past. At times historical incidents, such as "Gunpowder Plot" and the story of Napoleon in "Boney was a Warrior," have been perpetuated through the inventive wits of some grown person. They, like "Kiss in the Ring" and Morris dances as late as the time of Elizabeth, seem to have been the diversions of grown folk. But on the whole the political history



"To-day the children are playing at enlisting, drilling and fighting in the most lifelike manner."

THE QUIVER

book and the traditional game have little in common.

What happened around them in the home and out-of-doors, the way of life, the fighting, the religious worship, the daily work, the courtings, the marriages, the deaths, the children noticed and loved to imitate. To-day children are playing at enlisting, drilling, trench making, ambulance work, and fighting in the most life-like manner, so that when the mimic warfare of 1915 is one day played by their descendants of 2015 they will see before them war as it appeared to childhood in our time.

Boys have usually amused themselves with games of skill and chance in order to win something, possessions or distinction; and physical contest is their marked characteristic. Singing games and the rhyme games of dramatic type have been favoured by girls. This distinction is, indeed, exactly what we should expect: struggle and combat for boyhood; acting, singing and dancing for girlhood, though neither is wholly the possession of one sex. It is interesting in this connection to hear from an L.C.C. teacher that the modern small boy shows originality

ing four abreast, running, falling down to take cover, attacking, saluting with military briskness before carrying out an order, and with an almost uncanny knowledge of the etiquette of modern warfare, is an arresting sight. What impresses one most in these boys—all less than eight years of age—is their remarkable love of organisation and their



"Tops"—the Boys' Favourite Game.



"Tip-cat" in a London Street.

in inventing new games, while the girls love the traditional games.

To watch a playground full of boys, with strawberry baskets on their heads for helmets, crossed strips of wood for swords, and a tin drum or flag, forming platoons, march-

contempt for cheating and finking: all three, be it noted, national characteristics. As a privilege they admit the stronger girls to act as Red Cross nurses. Many a little maid of seven years proudly wears a white handkerchief upon her arm, chalked with a red cross; and many tears are shed by those rejected as "not strong enough."

Older boys, bereft of scoutmasters, drill their juniors in the game so close to reality. Unconsciously they are preserving for the future generations of boys the scoutcraft of the Red Indian.

Let us see what are the chief sources and characteristics of our traditional games.

Take "Oranges and Lemons." We have all passed under the arch of arms, had our heads chopped off, sung what seemed a nonsensical controversy between church bells, and finally joined in the tug-of-war—all without knowing we were perpetuating one of the contests between parishes that occurred in feudal times, when the bells of neighbouring villages assembled the parishioners in the market-places preparatory to combat. The rhyme

CHILDREN'S GAMES



An Improved Wicket.

mentions well-known London churches, and the "talk" of their bells may have been suggested by their tolling. In the game the sequence of events has been altered, the punishment of offenders—head-chopping—occurring before the tug-of-war, an advantage from the playing point of view. The bone of contention in this case appears to be debt between the parishioners, at a time when five farthings were of considerable value, and when the penalty for debt was death.

The partisan colours were orange and lemon, or the fruits may have been martial favours. Londoners often saw men go to execution lighted by torches, while the bells tolled. We are back in Plantagenet times.

But the tug-of-war, also

found in other games, has existed from time immemorial in Korea and Japan as a magic ceremony to obtain a good harvest, the successful side being assured of plentiful crops. A certain hill-tribe in Assam plays a tug-of-war game across a stream to expel demons, and it may be our own game has some such ceremonial origin; it is even possible that our team games of cricket and football originated in a form of ritual.

The familiar "Blind Man's Buff" is very old, possibly a rite of prehistoric times. The blind man seems to represent a brownie or devil. As played in some countries he represents an animal (goat or cow), perhaps an animal god. From pictures of the game we know the blind man was formerly struck or buffeted; indeed, the word buff comes from Old French *bufe*, a blow. There would be pleasure in teasing an evil spirit, blinded, and incapable of doing harm to mankind again.



"Rounders."

In "Old Roger" there is trace of a religious ceremony in the planting of a tree over the grave of an old man. The friends usually chose a tree to harbour the spirit of the dead, hence their resentment when the apples are plucked. Even the kite is connected with rites. In Korea, on a certain date in



"Poor Jennie's a-weeping."

THE QUIVER

the New Year, it is flown as "a scape-goat" to carry off the year's ill-luck.

"London Bridge is broken down" is a well-known song game considered to be based on the rite of ceremonial sacrifice when a bridge was constructed. The children play the first part like "Oranges and Lemons," chanting "London Bridge is broken down," and proceed to ask, "How shall we build it up again?" Different materials—gold, iron, wood, clay, meat, loaves are suggested, but nothing will suffice but "a gay lady," mentioned in the refrain. At last the arms of the living arch are lowered and clasp the last child in the line—the human sacrifice for the spirit of the bridge. "Old Soldier" is probably a taboo game; and "Touch" a remnant of choosing a victim by lot, or of making a guilty or diseased person taboo.

"Old Soldier" belongs to the large class of "forfeit" games. The lame old man leaning on his stick says: "Here comes an old soldier from Botany Bay; What have you got to give him to-day?" The answers "Yes" and "No," "Black," "White," and "Grey" to his suggestions for garments are debarred under penalty of a forfeit. Why Botany Bay? Perhaps to rouse pity in a veteran who had performed

the trying duty of guarding the convicts sent so far.

Suggestive of predatory raids is "Tom Tiddler's Ground," but farther back the game seems to have originated in the mythological belief in an old dwarf possessed of treasure jealously guarded from mortal hands. It appears under various names in the United States.

Another predatory game is "King o' the Castle." In the London version one boy from the top of a mound pushes down others who try to drag him from it, shouting to them:

"I'm the king of the castle,
Get down, you dirty rascal."

But the Scotch version commemorates an historical incident, when Oliver Cromwell demanded the surrender of Home Castle, Berwickshire, by the governor, Cockburn, into the hands of Colonel Fenwick. It runs:

"I, Willy Wastle,
Stand on my castle,
And a' the dogs o' our toon
Will no drive Willie Wastle doon."

Here indeed is the stubborn British fighter, who keeps what he captures.



The Old English
Maypole Dance.

CHILDREN'S GAMES



Sir Roger de Coverley.

For a hundred years the children of England have played "French and English," a kind of prisoners' base, a war game significant of the former enmity now wiped out by the *Entente*, warfare chivalrously conducted, for even in the naming the enemy nation is placed first. The game is played with stones, sticks or two flags replaced by others as they are captured. In the North the opponents are "Scotch and English," and coats and hats are captured from two heaps, and the line occurs:

"Set your foot on Scots' ground, English,
if ye daur."

Quaint indeed are the courting and marriage games. One of the oldest, because it illustrates marriage by capture, is "Nuts and May," which, though wondering at the incongruity of gathering nuts and may together, we have played and enjoyed in all good faith. A handkerchief is placed on the ground, the players join hands in two lines on either side of it, and, approaching and retiring, sing:

"Here we come gathering nuts and may
On a cold and frosty morning," etc.

One child is selected as the nut (i.e. bunch or knot of may blossom) to be gathered on this chilly morning in May; then a repre-

sentative is chosen "to fetch her away." The two join hands and pull over the handkerchief. It is significant that when boys and girls play, the boys always fetch the girls, and in one version they place their hands on the heads of the captured. This is marriage by capture. It is interesting to find that in America the game has retained its more correct names "Nuts in May," "Nuts of May," and we should do well to revert to the latter. By the way, a "line" game is characteristic of the union of opposing sides in some contest between border districts, disputes of neighbouring clans or forays for wives, as in "Here come three knights a-riding." The sides advance and retire, asking questions and giving answers. Circle games are significant of friendship and peace, celebration of a festival (Maypole dancing and "Auld Lang Syne" are other instances) and marriage by choice. The handkerchief used in "Kiss in the Ring" has an old use as a love token. This game is curious as probably representing the form of marriage by selection, which replaced marriage by capture.

An even more interesting instance of this advance, but less known, is "Three Knights from Spain"; it is played by a line of boys who include "three knights," and a line of girls, two of whom are a mother and her

THE QUIVER

daughter Jane, the latter invariably courted by the knights from a far land, who seek the mother's consent and offer dowry. This is, indeed, purchase money. "She must be sold." Students of history see in the courting of Jane the coming of ambassadorial knights from the Spanish prince who married Jane, daughter of Edward III., and the bowing, curtsying and pride in bright spurs and richly wrought chains are in accord with the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniard. It is probable, however, these were later touches added to a courting game popular in the reign of the Plantagenet king. "Poor Jennie's a-weeping" is another game beloved by young girls, who in play find each other husbands. They also enjoy "When I was a young girl," illustrating events in the normal life of women, as also does "The Mulberry Bush."

But of all the dramatic plays "Jenny Jones" bears the palm for quaintness and pathos. The name Jones appears to be corrupted from "Jo," meaning dear, sweetheart. The game illustrates courting, death and burial, even the wearing of mourning, and as it is common to England, Scotland and Ireland, and reveals customs connected with domestic life centuries ago, it is to be hoped girls will long keep it alive. With rhythmic song and action village maidens visit a girl friend, but the mother refuses to admit them, because the daily work has to be done. Then the daughter Jenny falls ill and dies upon the ground. Her girl friends carry her home and discuss the colour for mourning. The body is borne to the grave; one girl sprinkles earth over it and says:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;

If God won't have you, the Devil must."

Whereupon Jenny jumps up, pursues her friends, and the one caught now acts Jenny. This comic ending seems to illustrate the belief in the immortality of the spirit. In the Scottish version the girl's lover seeks admittance.

Just as, long ago, Jewish children piped at their play weddings and mourned at their play funerals, so British children have copied what they saw their elders do.

As an instance of a very ancient game of skill cat's cradle is worth notice. In

England we make fewer figures with the string than some natives in Borneo; while certain Eskimo play a game like cup-and-ball to hasten the coming of the sun in spring, and make cat's cradles in autumn to enmesh his rays. In New Guinea cat's cradle is ceremoniously constructed when the yams are set to make the foliage luxuriant. One investigator considers "cat" is a corruption of "cratch," meaning manger, and one of the forms is as like this object as any cradle. Anyhow, to judge by its wide use, in cat's cradle we have one of the oldest rites of nature worship.

What does this examination of our children's games reveal? Surely our conservatism, liking for accuracy in details (words and actions), activity, love of fair play, inventiveness, the quality of being "a sport," power of organisation, inborn love of combat (boys) and acting and dancing (girls). Rules there must be, and they must be kept. At hide-and-seek the child who watches is ruled out and sent to Coventry. Earnestness, a serious regard for rights (turn and turn-about at "he"), hardly any humour except in paying "forfeits," and just division of duties are shown again and again.

In considering the games of other nations, we have no reason to be ashamed of ours. Children's games that we have nearly lost have been replanted and have flourished in the United States from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. Among those introduced by German settlers are found traditional German games, e.g. "Would you know how doth the peasant?" Unfortunately for the modern boy and girl of Germany, the hard military fist has hit away games other than those conducing to preparedness for war. Soldiers, submarines, aircraft, guns and the paraphernalia of war are the favoured toys in the hands of every small boy. Stern is his education, stern his play. The German may copy, but one can hardly imagine his originating a boy scout movement. Both boy and girl "goose step" through life. Well do I remember the intense enjoyment of one German schoolgirl on a visit to England when taught the Morris dances. Thinking of the way German children are supervised and worked in school days, it is a relief to watch our British children at their games.

THE SHADOW ON THE SCREEN

No. 2 in the Series of "A Minister's Experiences with Women"

By A WELL-KNOWN PREACHER

I DO not pretend to explain every detail of this story. Those for whom there are no mysteries under the sun, who brush aside every manifestation of the Unknown with the mere murmur of their charm word "coincidence" will, of course, find nothing in it worthy of explanation. But I confess that I have never succeeded in bringing myself into that easy-going, indiscriminating attitude of mind. There have been too many experiences in my ministry that have passed beyond the border of the finite; too many occasions when, coming to a sudden rift in the road, I have stretched out my hand and felt it closed in the strong grasp of a hand I could not see.

I remember in the very first year of our work, when the drought had blasted the crops of our people and we, with them, stood within the very shadow of want, how on the day when our last shilling had gone for relief, when I did not know where we should find food for another meal, there came a letter from an almost forgotten friend in the North, and in it a cheque for twenty pounds. "Coincidence," you say—merely a coincidence that the help should come from an unlikely source, in the very moment of our extremity! Perhaps it was, but I cannot think so.

And so with the widow, Mrs. Marshall. I only know that her boy *did* come back, and in the way here set down. But whether the circumstances of his return were by chance or in fulfilment of faith, I leave each one of you to answer for yourself.

My predecessor had described her to me, as well as the other members of the congregation, on my arrival. I have always remembered him gratefully because of that. Ordinarily the minister comes to the new church after his predecessor has left, without friends or acquaintances to whom he may look for advice, and the wonder is that

he ever survives the diplomatic demands and exigencies of those first few weeks. In this case, however, my predecessor, good shepherd that he was, went over the whole of the flock, calling each sheep by name from the greatest even to the least. When he had finished I knew enough about the individual characteristics and idiosyncrasies of my new charges to guard me from offending any of them at the outset.

Mrs. Marshall he did not mention at all until I called his attention to the fact that he had passed over her name.

"Oh, you needn't bother much about her," he said. "She lives away out on the edge of things somewhere. A good worker, though, always on hand to help with the church socials and all that. I meant to call on her some time; but you know how it is."

"Has she any family?" I asked.

"No. Wait—let's see—there is some story about her having a boy who went away—Now, how is that? Somebody told me her story once—but I can't remember. And, anyway, she's not very important. Might be a good plan for you to call on her some time, though."

The church gave us a reception, and all the members filed by us in a long, bewildering procession, leaving us with weary hands and arms and a confused babble of names in our minds. When there was a little break, I caught eagerly at the suggestion of one of the deacons' wives that I might look over the arrangement of the church, and particularly the kitchen, of which the ladies were very proud.

As we entered the kitchen door I noticed a woman standing at the stove, her sleeves rolled to her elbows, and her cheeks suffused with the ruddy glow which the heat imparted.

She turned towards us with a half-apologetic little smile, but my guide apparently did not see her. I caught the smile, though,

THE QUIVER

the timid start in our direction, and the embarrassed halt as she saw that we were about to pass her by. In her confusion she dropped a spoon, and I hastened to pick it up and hand it to her.

"I am the new minister," I said to her. "I don't think we have met."

My words seemed to add to her confusion. She started to speak, but my guide had hustled up, intent on handling the situation.

"This is Mrs. Marshall, Doctor. My dear, this is Doctor Jones, our new pastor. Mrs. Marshall seldom gets out into the church parlours, Doctor: she always finds so much to keep her busy in the kitchen. We all say that she is one of our most useful members."

It did me good to see that Mrs. Marshall sensed the tone of patronage as much as I did and resented it.

I held out my hand, and she took it in her big motherly clasp, still moist from the dishwater.

"I am coming to call on you very soon," I said. "I want to know the members of the congregation that do the real work."

"Oh, thank you," she responded. And then, as though not quite sure of herself, "Perhaps—perhaps you and Mrs. Jones would come to supper."

"Supper," I repeated. "Supper—I haven't heard that blessed word since we reached this big city. I had begun to think that nobody here has any supper. You take it from me, we will come."

I looked for Mrs. Marshall at the following Sunday morning service: it was some time before I discovered her tucked away under a corner of the gallery. She was gowned in a plain black dress, which even from a distance appeared to have shrunk about her ample figure; but there was a wholesome sincerity in her eager gaze that drew my eyes back to her repeatedly.

Each Sunday she was in her place promptly, but always before I could make my way to the door after the service she had slipped quietly away, so that the weeks lengthened into months and I had still not fulfilled my promise to call. Then one Sunday I preached from the parable of the Prodigal Son. I thought of her as I announced the text, and, glancing over, saw that she was gazing straight into my face in rapt attention.

In that instant there flashed through my mind what my predecessor had told me

about her. There was some story, he had said, about her son. I blamed myself that I should have allowed the months to elapse without learning her trouble, and that very day I wrote to her, recalling her promise to have Mrs. Jones and me to supper and asking if we might come some time during the week. On Tuesday the answer arrived, written in a prim, old-fashioned hand. She would be very glad, it said, if we would come to supper on Thursday at six o'clock.

Her cottage stood clear out beyond the city limits in a district totally unfamiliar to me. She opened the door for us herself; there was no evidence of the timidity that I had come to expect in her. Instead, her greeting had in it a quiet dignity, and I liked the fact that she made no apology for the house or the meal.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

"About five years. You see, when my husband died I had to find a home that I could maintain, and finally I came clear out here. It's a long way out," she smiled, "but there is air, and there are also flowers and birds."

"I think it's lovely," Mrs. Jones said. I could feel in her voice a trace of longing for our own cottage in the country.

There was homesickness in the supper, too, the big slices of home-made bread, the butter, home churned, the home-made pickles, and the big apple pie with the juice fairly bursting through the top. In the midst of it, a mantel clock struck seven, and Mrs. Marshall excused herself for a moment. I watched her curiously as she brought in from the kitchen a little kerosene lamp and set it in the parlour window. I noticed then, for the first time, that there was a circle cut from the centre of the curtain, just big enough to allow the lamp's rays to shine through. From the outside the house would appear entirely dark except for this little signal of light, and love. She caught the glance of inquiry in our eyes and said:

"It's for my boy; he is away, you know."

"I know," I said. "Won't you tell us about him?"

She hesitated, but I believe she was really grateful for the suggestion. "I haven't talked about it much," she said. "But—I think you would understand."

"It's nearly six years since he went away," she began. "We were still living in Hayden."



"Doctor, you are a man of God. Tell me
—tell me that he will come back."—p. 311.

Drawn by
Harold Cuming

THE QUIVER

"Hayden?" I exclaimed. "Why that's in our home county."

"I know it," she responded. "That's why I knew that I should love you as a pastor. From the first night when I saw you at the church, in the kitchen, I was sure that you would be just like home folks. You see, the other pastors never called on me."

"My husband owned the general stores out in Hayden, and we were very happy there for many years. He was deacon of the church and chairman of the village board. He was a very strong, commanding man. I have often thought that in a larger sphere my husband would have achieved a great reputation. We had only one child, our boy Samuel. He was our joy, our whole life. Almost from the day he was born, my husband began laying plans for his future. They would go into partnership, he said: it would be Marshall and Son. They would buy the shops in the adjoining towns and build a chain of shops that might stretch across the country. Every business move that he made was planned with the thought of the boy, and it really seemed that there would be no limit to what they might do together."

"And how about the boy?" I asked.

"Do you believe in heredity, Doctor Jones?" she said.

"I do," I said; "I think it explains many things that are otherwise unexplainable."

"I knew you would say so," she exclaimed. "It's true. All of my ancestors were sea captains. It was their blood pounding in his veins like the waves on the seashore that called him. I know it was. I tried to tell John so. Oh," she cried, "if he only could have believed it!" She paused for a moment and regained control of herself with an effort.

"From the time Sam first began to walk," she said, "there was no interest in his life but boats. When he was only seven he said he had decided to be a sailor. His father couldn't understand. The Marshalls for generations had never taken any interest in the sea. His father and grandfather had lived in the same house in Hayden, he couldn't realise that five generations of sea rovers were calling to my boy—he thought it was just perverseness."

"And Sammy tried—oh, so hard! He worked at his lessons, and at night he would

sit and try to be interested in the plans that his father had for the business. But I could see the little worry lines in his face that meant he had to drive himself to it; his heart was far away, and it made my soul sick to think of it.

"Something had to happen, of course, for as he grew older he developed a will as strong, almost, as his father's. There had to be a conflict some time, and one Saturday night it came. School had closed for the Easter holidays; he came bounding in at night, his face glowing, to tell us that with three other boys he had planned a river trip to last a week. His father had wanted to have him spend the week at the shop. Both of them were tired and impatient, and so, in spite of anything that I could do, the quarrel came. Next morning when I went to knock at his door there was no answer." It was several minutes before she spoke again.

"That was six years ago," she said. "I have not seen him nor heard from him since. I have managed to live through it somehow," she forced a wan little smile, "but it was too much for his father. He never realised how much the boy meant in his life until—until he went out of it. For a year he did everything that could be thought of to find some trace, and when everything failed, when there was no more hope, he seemed to lose his grip on life. You see," she faltered, "he thought—that—Sam was dead. But it isn't true," she exclaimed defiantly, "he's alive, he'll come back; every night since he went away I have lit the lamp for him in the window. He will come back." She rose, and carried away by the stress of her emotion crossed the room and grasped me by the arm. "Doctor, you are a man of God. Tell me—tell me that he will come back!"

I pulled her gently down on to the old haircloth sofa beside me and spoke very quietly:

"Your own heart tells you that he will come back, doesn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "I know it."

"Then I know it, too," I answered, "for remember this, Mrs. Marshall, God is love, and motherhood is love—both of them parts of the same immortal spirit. And the heart of a mother is nearer to the heart of God than anything else in this world. Your own heart tells you that he will come back. I tell you that it is God speaking to your heart. Your boy will return to you—and I

THE SHADOW ON THE SCREEN

shall pray every day that it may be soon."

She did not try to thank me. She sat very still for a few minutes, and when she lifted her head she was her own controlled self again. She stepped over to the bookcase in the corner and taking down an old Bible brought it to me.

"Won't you open the Book and read me from the first page you turn to?" she asked. "I feel the need of comfort."

I opened the Bible at random, and glancing at the page, read to her: "And at evening time it shall be light."

"That is your verse," I said, "there's your light in the window, at eventide for your boy, and some night God will flash the light of his love and reveal him to you. Remember in the trouble times, when things look darkest, remember 'at evening time it shall be light.'"

One Sunday evening, a few weeks later, I gave the first of my series of talks on the life of Christ, illustrated with lantern slides. The church was packed. Stereopticon slides, and particularly coloured slides, were a great novelty in those days. The lantern was in the gallery and the screen, which was a large one, hung clear across the choir loft behind the pulpit. I began with a map of Galilee, followed with a picture of the birth in the manger, the flight into Egypt, and then some scenes in modern Nazareth, with a description of the life and habits which must have made up the boyhood of Jesus. So far as was possible I was telling the story in the words of the Gospel narrative.

We came at length to the Baptism in the river Jordan:

"And Jesus, when He was baptised," I said, following Matthew's account, "went up straightway out of the water——"

I glanced at the screen, expecting to see the picture of the Baptism, but instead the operator had projected a scene belonging much later in the lecture. He realised his mistake instantly and withdrew the slide.

At that instant, when the screen was blank, a man rose in front of the lantern in the gallery so that his head intercepted the light and his silhouette was thrown sharply on the gleaming circle in the middle of the screen.

The shadow was there only an instant; the man dropped back into his seat and the operator flashed on the screen the Baptism

picture. But in that moment the congregation was startled by a piercing cry from under the gallery.

"My son, my boy, oh, Sammy, my boy!" cried the voice in agonising appeal.

I recognised the voice. "Turn on the lights," I said firmly.

Someone in the rear turned up one of the lights, and looking in that direction I saw Mrs. Marshall rushing for the gallery door.

"Sammy," she called, "your mother is coming for you, Sammy." She seemed to have cleared the stairway in a single bound, for before I quite realised what had happened she was in the gallery and, following the light of the lantern down to the front row of seats, threw her arms about the neck of the tall young man whose shadow had appeared upon the screen.

The congregation was in a furore of excitement. Men stood up; women, restless in the dark, whispered shrilly to each other. I stepped to the front of the platform and called out:

"Let no one leave his seat. The lights will be turned on in a moment. The lecture will be continued next Sunday night, but this service will be closed now with the benediction. You have seen a greater sermon than your ears will ever hear. You have seen the answer of many prayers, and the dead returned to life."

While the congregation was composing itself for the benediction I sent a seat steward to bring Mrs. Marshall and her boy to my study, and there I found them, smiling through their tears.

"He has come back," cried the mother, holding the arm of the big, fine-featured lad. "Oh, Doctor, at evening time there *was* light!"

He told her that night about his wanderings, and how his letters had not reached her, and how he had gone back to Hayden and from there had traced her to the city. All day he had tramped about through the unfamiliar city streets, and drawn by the lights and music had at length wandered into the church. It was very late before the story ended. I pressed them both to come to our house for the night rather than undertake the long ride home. But Mrs. Marshall would not have it so.

"The light is burning for Sammy in the window," she said. "I want him to come home and blow it out."

THE MODERN GIRL'S MARRIAGE

No. 2 of "Myself and the New Generation"

By AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN

BEFORE proceeding to discuss the different aspects of the modern girl's marriage, let me once and for all avow my belief that love is now, as it has been from the beginning, and evermore shall be, the supreme and overmastering force! To-day, as in every age, girls bred in ease and luxury are ready to travel to the ends of the world, live in a wooden shanty, cook, and wash, and work like three general servants rolled into one, for the sake of the man beloved. To-day, as in every age, self-indulgent bachelors are ready to kill more formidable enemies than the dragons of old, in the treading underfoot of their pet luxuries and comforts, in order to burden themselves with responsibilities and care, for the sake of calling one dear girl "wife." To-day, as in every age, all the sham laws which civilisation has invented—the "Thou shalt nots!" of fashion and convention—tumble down like ninepins when the magic message flashes from eye to eye.

The "Business" Alliance

To say that the modern girl is incapable of deep and passionate love would be as absurd as to declare that trees have forgotten to bud, but it is not given to every girl to meet the right man, or, having met him, to be the object of his choice, and it is when for one of these reasons love is absent, that the modern girl differs so vitally from her predecessors of the last generation.

A Victorian damsel in such a case automatically relinquished her idea of marriage, devoted herself to good works, to home duties, to crewel work, to gossip, or to backbiting, as the case might be. In Roman Catholic families she entered a religious sisterhood; rarely—very, very rarely indeed, did a member of the middle-classes bring herself to contemplate a purely businesslike alliance.

The modern girl to whom love seems debarred, says to herself calmly, and deliberately, "I shall marry! I am 'fed up' with home. I really can't 'stick' being ordered about and cross-questioned any longer. I must have a life of my own. I'll say 'yes' the next time anyone asks me, if he isn't *too* impossible!"

Or it may be that a pang of envy shoots through her heart as she sees a married friend nursing a curly-headed darling, and she mentally declares, "I must have a child of my own! A child would fill my life! I'll put up with the man, for the sake of the child." This sentiment, which would have horrified a Victorian damsel out of her wits, the modern girl finds eminently sensible and sane.

Now, first—from the woman's point of view—it may be better (as I once read in a now-forgotten book) "to spend life kissing babies' faces, rather than in crying over faded photographs," and our French cousins who make their *mariages des convenances* are often happy and contented wives. There is this great difference, however, between their case and our own, that in France the man *understands* the nature of the bargain beforehand, and with us the Englishman does *not*!

Why a Man Marries

The average young bachelor is inclined to pity his married friend, and to hug the thought of his own liberty. He is satisfied with his rooms, his club, and his social engagements; a home, to his imagination, means rates, taxes, grocer's bills, and servant worries. He says, "No, thank you! Not for me!" and he means what he says, until the magic dart comes to alter his point of view. In ninety cases out of a hundred, love is to a man the one and only incentive to marriage, and *some* response is

THE MODERN GIRL'S MARRIAGE

needful to satisfy his heart. It is inconceivable that he would still wish to marry a girl who confessed to him frankly, "I have no love for you. As a matter of fact, it would not distress me if I never saw you again, but you are not objectionable to me. I find you pleasant and agreeable. I am willing to make the best of you, for the sake of the general widening of my own interest, which will come to me as your wife!"

As a matter of fact, the modern girl does not confess these truths during the time of the engagement. She plays her part, is charming, affectionate, agreeable, and allows her lover to believe that her visions of the future are as rosy as his own.

What I would implore every such fiancée to ask herself very seriously and thoughtfully is this, "Am I strong enough, unselfish enough, to continue this behaviour after marriage, and through all the wear and tear of daily life? It may be comparatively easy so long as things run smoothly, but quite certainly a time will come when things will not run smoothly. Health troubles, money troubles, domestic troubles will cause a severe jarring of the wheels, and nerves and temper will be strained to their uttermost. Under such circumstances, can I trust myself to be tender to this man, patient with him, understanding of his moods, pitiful of his failings, loyal in failure as in success?"

A Gigantic Undertaking

It is a gigantic undertaking! Even with love to mellow it, married life is full of difficulties. The girl who contemplates a "common-sense" union, should realise that she is voluntarily taking upon her shoulders a task of herculean difficulty. The spirit of love may discover a world of joy and interest in a modest home, but in its absence its mistress may find her daily monotonous duties the reverse of "widening," and sigh increasingly for the freedom of her "bachelor" days.

From the man's point of view it seems to me a mean and cruel injustice to accept all that he has to give, and in return to saddle him with a wife who has no true love for him in her heart. It is impossible to continue to simulate love; sooner or later disillusionment must come, probably accompanied by bitterness and reproaches, and the rift will widen as years roll on. A marriage

founded on frank liking and respect on both sides may conceivably prove a great success; but where one loves, and the other pretends to love, I see only breakers ahead.

Improving on One's Parents

It is a truism to say that the modern girl expects to begin where her mother left off. I would go a step farther, and say that she intends to improve on the parental establishment. Ever since she grew to womanhood she has been protesting at intervals, "When I have a house, I shall never—" "When I have a house I shall always—" and in points of style she is determined to leave the old people far behind. A flood of wedding presents have probably given a luxurious, lived-in air to the new home which was lacking in olden days. I remember my mother telling me that she received four wedding presents in all; my own list reached to nearly a hundred, my daughter's more than doubled that number.

Now I approve of wedding presents, and never join in the chorus of unwilling givers who pronounce them a tax. It is a joy to contribute honestly (i.e. as much as one can afford, and no more!) towards the making of a new home, and the gifts so collected are a very real help to the young couple. What I complain of in the modern bride is, that she is often totally untrained for her duties as mistress of her charming home. In the upper middle class she may have taken a degree at Girton, in the lower middle class she may be an expert typist and stenographer, but each is equally ignorant of domestic science, and so unenlightened is public opinion on this subject that this ignorance is made a subject of laughter, rather than shame!

Dishonourable Cooking

How often is a conversation to the following effect to be heard at the approach of a marriage:

Bride's brother to bridegroom: "I pity you, old fellow, when Emily has to look after your food! She doesn't know the first thing about cooking. I'll stand you a meal at the club, if it gets too bad."

Bride (complacently): "Oh, we'll worry along somehow. Mother will have to write out a list of menus . . ."

Bridegroom (gazing adoringly at bride): "I'm not worrying about meals."

THE QUIVER

Older people know what that means! The time will come when he *will* worry at coming home to a badly-chosen, badly-cooked meal; the time will come when he *will* be worried by the incoming of heavy bills. I should like to feel as sure that the time was coming when a girl would feel such incapacity as dishonourable, as it would be on a man's part to say, "I have no idea how I am going to support you, but—*we can worry along!*"

It is pleasant at this moment to remember the many excellences of our brave Allies, and there are points in the relationship between a French husband and wife which we may well admire. If the two are less lovers than an ideal English couple, the "Mon Ami" which is so often heard on their lips has a very real significance. A French husband and wife are friends and partners, and that very often in a business, as well as a domestic sense. A Frenchman takes his wife into his confidence in financial affairs more fully than does the average Englishman. The Frenchwoman of fiction is vain and frivolous, but the real Frenchwoman of the middle classes is frugal, practical, and intensely maternal. The English modern girl who is contemplating marriage could sit at her feet, and learn many a lesson.

War Marriages

It is impossible to discuss the modern girl's marriage at this moment without taking into account the war marriages, of which there have been a surprising number during the last months.

At the beginning of the war, I was filled with sympathy for all my young girl friends. It seemed so hard on them to lose all their men associates, and to have all their innocent pleasures cut short. I shook my head, and saw spinsterhood looming ahead for one and all. And then—what a surprise! Never have I known such a rush of engagements, never have I dreamed of such speedy marriages! Meeting a friend last week, I inquired casually, "And how is Emily?" "Oh, Emily and her husband are in Colchester. He is going out in—" "*Husband!*" I gasped, "Emily! It's not two months since I saw her. She wasn't engaged." "No! very quick, isn't it? We had a great rush. She was engaged under a month."

Well! circumstances alter cases. If I had been engaged to a man for months or years, if I had *loved* him without being engaged, then I should feel it my greatest comfort to marry him before he went off on the Great Crusade.

But—many of these hasty marriages are not the outcome of deep and tried love! They are the result, on the man's side, of a longing to possess someone of his own, and to be followed to the "front" by loving, intimate letters which will help to ease the chill feeling of dread and pain, which come at times to the bravest of soldiers. And the girl? The gallant young soldier stirs her heart, as, God bless him! he stirs all our hearts to-day. She is thrilling with eagerness to help, and when he cries "Help me!" all that is feminine and noble in her rises in response. Also—let us be candid!—there is in the whole situation an excitement and romance which carries her away.

A Straight Question

One feels so tender, so pitiful, towards them all—the boys and the girls alike! It is out of the truest tenderness that one dares to put a very terrible and searching question to the brides of impulse, of whom there are so many to-day.

"Are you prepared to love and work for this man, if he comes home to you blind, deaf, or crippled; awfully disfigured or maimed?"

Let the girl use her powers of imagination, and project herself into the future. Let her honestly and fearlessly acknowledge how she stands as regards her powers of patience, tenderness, unselfishness, industry and resource! It may be that in the future she will have to be the bread-winner of the home; it may be that the "cherishing," which is as a rule promised to the woman as the weaker vessel, will be claimed by the weak, helpless invalid who has taken the place of the sturdy warrior of to-day.

Even if serious wounds are escaped, the men who come home to-day are often shattered in nerve. The girl wife is overjoyed at the prospect of reunion, but all too often it is not the ardent bridegroom who returns to her, but a depressed and irritable man who must be soothed and protected at every turn.

Are you ready, War Brides, to face this possibility? Is your love deep enough to stand the strain?

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"Ho, thirsty one, refresh thy heart!"
A seller of sweet waters in the East.

Photo:
D. Melnik.

AUNT JANE

Short Serial Story

By JEANETTE LEE

XVIII

HORACE MEDFIELD, wrapped in a dark blue quilted gown, was sitting in the sunny window that looked down into the backyards. He remembered the day—only three weeks ago, was it?—when he had first come to this pleasant room.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He was tired; more tired than he had thought he would be. Sitting in bed he had felt strong, almost well. And he had demanded his clothes.

"We'll let you wear a dressing-gown a day or two first," Aunt Jane had said with a twinkle. "You've got a real pretty silk one, I see."

So she had brought out the quilted gown and laid it on the bed; and he had dressed slowly and had come out here to the sunny sitting-room, where the big chair was drawn up in the window.

He had looked down into the yard with a feeling of strangeness and newness, and had wondered a little whether it was the change in foliage that made the yard look so different, or whether the change was in Horace Medfield and in his eyes.

Then he had closed the eyes and leaned back. Perhaps he had slept a little, with the fresh air coming in, and the girl's voice singing, and the sound of doves cooing from a roof near by, for when he opened his eyes Julian was sitting at the desk, writing.

He looked up and his eyes encountered his father's, and he came over to the window.

"How are you feeling, dad?"

"First-rate. It seems good to get on my legs again." He was leaning back, looking at the boy and taking in his fresh young strength. It had been several days since Julian came; but Horace Medfield was not yet quite used to his being there, or to the little proud feeling that came over him

when he looked at this young man who was his son. He had never thought that Julian was handsome. But something seemed to have happened to him. He carried himself like a man, and there was a look behind the lines of his face that made it almost beautiful. He thought of the boy's mother as he watched it. Canada had brought out the best that was in him. It had been a wise move, sending him off like that to get him out of Mrs. Cawein's way. And then it came to him that Julian was looking even better than the day he arrived. Perhaps, after all, he was fond of his dad. They had had many talks together, and had sat silent for long spaces of quiet; and the boy came and went as if his father's room were home. Everyone in the hospital had come to know the quick step and light figure and the laugh that ran through the hall. He went across the town to the vacant house to sleep. But his meals were served with his father's, when he could persuade Aunt Jane to send in an extra tray, and when he could not coax her he went to a restaurant near by.

Aunt Jane and he had been friends from the minute he held out his hand to her, and she had taken it in hers and patted it and looked at him out of her muslin cap. "You're just the same age as my boy," she had said. "I always wonder what he'd be doing now—if I could see him."

The young man had reached up an arm before she could catch the meaning of his look and thrown it around her neck and had kissed her, just under the muslin border of her cap. "I guess that's what he would do first," he said. And Aunt Jane's eyes had filled with quick tears as she turned away.

"That's great foolishness," she said softly.

But the boy had won his place, and he

AUNT JANE

was always asking for her when he came. She appeared now with a card in her hand, looking at it doubtfully. Her glance ran to the figure in the window in its stately dressing-gown, and returned again to the little black-edged card.

The young man's eye fell on it, and his eyebrows lifted a trifle.

"For me?" He held out a hand.

She ignored the hand and passed on to the millionaire, extending the card. Her face was impersonal and severe.

The boy's quick laugh broke across it.

"Caught, dad!" he chuckled, looking at the card.

The millionaire glanced down at it and his face darkened.

"Tell her I cannot—" He stopped abruptly. Suppose she had heard that the boy was home! His father's room was the best place for him. He sighed and laid down the card.

"Very well. Tell her to come in."

The young man laughed out and then chuckled softly, and his father smiled grimly.

The door opened and the widow entered. She was dark, with white throat and white hands, and bewildering bits of jet that twinkled as she moved. They tinkled softly as she came in.

Aunt Jane, following discreetly, closed the door behind her and went across to a chair.

The widow stood looking at the two men with a charming smile.

The younger one came forward. "How do you do, Mrs. Cawein?" He was holding out his hand and smiling.

"How-de-do, Julie!" She touched the hand lightly and fluttered by him towards the chair in the window. "And how is the dear man?" she cried.

Julian, with the little smile on his lips, watched the comedy. Aunt Jane from her chair across the room regarded it mildly.

The millionaire half rose, as if warding off attack.

But the dark lady only pressed the hand that was held out, and lighted on a chair near by and twinkled a little and shone beamingly on him.

Horace Medfield sank back in his chair.

"It's so good to see you," she exclaimed softly. "And, do you know, I might have missed you altogether!" She clasped her hands and looked at him reproachfully.

"There was a nurse person met me in the

hall who said you were not here—that it was all a mistake in the name." She spread her hands dramatically, and the jets twinkled fast like little eyes all over her. "She said you weren't here—that they'd got the name wrong. Then this good woman"—the little jewels on her hand glinted at Aunt Jane lightly—"this good woman met me, or I shouldn't have got in at all."

Horace Medfield cast a glance of due appreciation at "this good woman." Her face was expressionless and cheerful; she sat mildly in her chair, regarding the widow with uncritical eyes.

"It was very good of her, I'm sure," murmured Horace Medfield.

"Wasn't it? I've quite been dying to see you, you know." She leaned towards him a little and sparkled for him.

"I think I must have been dying to see you," responded the millionaire politely. "Though they told me I was doing very well," he said reflectively. He leaned back in his chair and smiled at her.

The boy watched the play with amused eyes. He had no idea his father could be so courtly with a woman.

The visitor bridled to it and used her eyes. "It's a mercy you're better. Think of the interests you represent!"

"I try not to think of them," said Medfield dryly.

"Of course! You must not!" She quite cried out about it.

Then she turned to Julian. "And where have you been, naughty boy?"

The young man blushed and stammered a little. She had not held him at finger-ends the last time he saw her.

"I've been—been *everywhere*!" he said with a laugh.

Aunt Jane had slipped quietly into the next room, and through the door her ample figure could be seen shaking up pillows and moving softly about. The widow's eyes followed the figure reflectively and watched it disappear through an inner door.

"Julian, dear—"

The boy jumped a little.

She was speaking over her shoulder to him, and she leaned back smilingly. "Would you mind, Julian, getting my bag for me? I left it in the car. So stupid of me!"

"With pleasure." The young man went towards the door. He glanced casually as he passed her at the chair she sat so airily

THE QUIVER

upon. There was a little smile on his lips as he closed the door.

XIX

THE widow's eyes followed Julian. "He is a dear boy," she said, with a motherly glance at the softly-closing door.

Then her look changed, and she leaned forward and touched the bowl of forget-me-nots lightly with her finger-tip.

"Mine?" she said archly.

"If you would like them," said the millionaire graciously.

"Naughty man!" She pointed to the forget-me-nots.

"Who sent them to you?" Her chin was tilted to the question.

He regarded it gravely. "A woman sent them," he said.

She nodded, and the little jets dangled at him.

"This woman?" She placed the finger on her chest and looked at him reproachfully.

The millionaire's look broke in startled confusion. He glanced swiftly at the flowers. "Why—yes—of course! I ought to have thanked you. But—I have not been well, you know." He smiled whimsically.

She motioned it aside. "I don't mind being thanked so long as you got them." Her eyes travelled about the room. "They are the only ones you have," she said reflectively.

The millionaire's glance followed hers.

"There were—others," he said vaguely.

"But you have not kept them!" She leaned forward.

"No." He admitted it.

"These are the only ones——" She paused, looking at them pensively. "You don't know how happy you make me," she said, and sighed.

"I am glad to have pleased you," responded the millionaire feebly.

"You don't know"—she touched the flowers as if they were something precious and must not be disturbed—"you don't know how happy you make me!"

The millionaire glanced uneasily about.

The door opened and Julian flashed in. "I say! I couldn't find your bag, you know!"

"Never mind." She was sweet with it.

"Perhaps I didn't bring it, after all."

"You don't think it is possibly in your chair?" suggested the young man.

He had come over and was standing beside her.

She glanced at him deprecatingly. "How clever of you, Julian!"

Her hand groped in the chair for the bag and found it, and she held it out, laughing at her mistake.

The two men smiled.

"So stupid of me!" She took out a tiny handkerchief and shook it, and the faintest scent of violets flew about the room.

The door opened. It was Miss Canfield, with a glass of water on a small round tray. She came quietly across to the millionaire. "It is medicine time."

The millionaire drank it off and returned the glass to the tray and thanked her.

She looked down at him. "Is there anything else you would like?" There was a clear, faint colour in her cheeks, like a rose leaf.

The widow's eyes rested on it.

"Nothing, thank you," said Medfield.

"You have sat up a little longer than the doctor said. You must not get tired."

She left the room, carrying the little tray lightly before her, moving with noiseless step.

Three pairs of eyes watched her from the room.

"They take good care of you, do they?" asked Mrs. Cawein patronisingly. Her eyes were still reflectively on the door.

"The best of care," responded Medfield.

"Well"—she sighed brightly and shook the handkerchief—"I think I was told to go." She nodded archly. "Yes, she told me. I feel sure of it."

She got up. "You must get well fast." Her hand touched his lightly and whisked away, and the violet scent was wafted about him.

She moved towards the door, drawing Julian into her wake.

Horace Medfield's eyes watched them. His lips grew a little compressed. "You have forgotten your hat, Julian," he said sharply.

The boy glanced back over his shoulder and flashed a smile at him. "I'm seeing Mrs. Cawein to her car. I'll be back in a minute, sir."

She murmured deprecation as they went. "You really don't need to come with me, Julian."

"But I want to," said the young man. He shifted his feet quickly and caught step

AUNT JANE

with her, and she plumed along beside him.

"Your father's looking very well," she said.

"Isn't he?" The reply was absent.

She glanced at him sharply. "You must come and see me. I have missed you."

His eye went past her to the car that was waiting. "It's very kind of you," he murmured.

She tripped a little on the step, coming down, and he caught her arm to save her.

She glowed to him a little. "Be sure to come," she said. "We must take up old times."

Julian looked at her and smiled ever so faintly.

He opened the door of the car and put her in and bowed ceremoniously to her and closed the door. She nodded brightly through the window. The car rolled away.

He stood looking after it, smiling with a little amusement. Then he ran lightly up the steps.

The long corridor was lighted by a great window at the end and a figure was outlined against it—a slender figure that carried itself very light and straight. She was walking from him, her face turned towards the window at the end, and the white uniform and the cap glowed softly. The reddish hair under the cap caught little glints of light. He watched till the figure disappeared in the distance. Then he opened the door of Suite A and went in.

The light of the reddish, shining hair was still in his face as he looked at his father.

Medfield grunted and stirred a little in his chair. He glanced at the absorbed face.

"You find her attractive?" he said dryly.

The young man stared at him. He had forgotten Julia Cawein and her car; he had forgotten everything except the window of the long, lighted hall and the girl's head lifted against it.

"I think she's charming!" he cried.

"Don't you?" he added after a little uncomfortable pause.

"No," said his father shortly.

"What is the matter with her?" asked the boy. He was watching his father's face.

"Nothing is the matter if you don't happen to see it."

"I don't."

The man was silent a minute. "Sher-

wood Cawein died of a broken heart," he said at last.

The boy stared. The look in his face broke and danced a little. "I was not thinking of Mrs. Cawein," he said quietly.

"You were not speaking of Julia Cawein!" His father sat up, his hands on the arms of his chair, and looked at him.

"No, I was not thinking of Mrs. Cawein. I'll tell you some day, father, what I was thinking of. But"—he looked at him straight—"I'd like you to trust me a little, if you will, please."

XX

"I'm not going to bed," said Medfield irritably. "I don't want to lie down. I'm tired of lying down." He looked out of the window and scowled.

The nurse stood silent a minute, regarding him thoughtfully. Then she laid a light, cool hand on his wrist, and her fingers found the pulse and held it.

"There's nothing the matter!" he said crossly.

"No, there doesn't seem to be." She released the wrist and went quietly out.

The millionaire's eyes followed her. A shrewd flash came into them. The little annoyance had left his face; it had the keen, concentrated look that men who knew Horace Medfield did not care to see on his face when they did business with him. It was the look that meant that he was on the track of something or somebody.

He reached out to the bell.

Miss Canfield came. She waited with an inquiring look.

"I should like to see Mrs. Holbrook," said Medfield politely.

"Aunt Jane?" The nurse hesitated. "She's in the Children's Ward. Is it something that can wait, or something I can do for you, sir?" Her face was troubled.

He smiled at her reassuringly. "I want to see Aunt Jane. She will come, I think, if you tell her." He settled back comfortably in his chair and waited.

He did not look up when Aunt Jane came in. His head rested against the chair and his face was drawn in a look of pathetic distress and helplessness that called for pity.

Aunt Jane took in the look with kindly glance.

THE QUIVER

"You've been having too much company," she said.

"I do feel rather done up," admitted Medfield weakly.

"Well, you'd better go right to bed." Aunt Jane moved towards the door of the adjoining room.

"I'm not going to bed," said Medfield.

Aunt Jane stood arrested.

"I want the doctor," added Medfield warily.

"I'll send for him soon as you get in," she said placidly. "You come right along."

"No." He put his hands on the arms of the chair and looked at her like a spoiled child.

Aunt Jane regarded him calmly. She went into the corridor and sent word for Miss Canfield to come to her office. Then she went on to the office and took up the receiver and called Dr. Carmon's number, and stood waiting, with bent head, her cap strings reflective.

Her head lifted itself, and her face focused to the little black cup on the desk.

"It's about Mr. Medfield—Horace G. Medfield," she said severely into the blackness. "He won't do as he's told!"

Her ear listened. "Well, that's all right. But you'll have to come—no, I don't know. He's cross—for one thing! In half an hour, you say? Well, that will do, I guess. I can handle him that long." She smiled and hung up the receiver, and turned to Miss Canfield and looked at her through her glasses.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked.

The nurse shook her head. "He was all right until half an hour ago. I took him his medicine then," she replied.

"It's the widow," said Aunt Jane.

Miss Canfield glanced at her inquiringly.

"The one who was—?"

"Visiting him—yes—you saw her?"

Miss Canfield smiled. "Yes."

Aunt Jane nodded. "She's done it, somehow." Her face grew reflective. "I ought not to have let her in," she said softly. "You had more sense than I did about that."

"I wondered a little why you did it," said Miss Canfield safely.

"Well—" Aunt Jane considered. "I thought maybe he needed stirring up a little—so he would get along faster. I didn't mean to stir him up quite so much," she added reflectively. "I didn't know he'd

act like this. He's always making a fuss!" she added disapprovingly.

Miss Canfield's face grew defensive. She turned it away. "I had thought he was a very good patient," she said quietly.

Aunt Jane's glance flashed at her. The muslin cap covered a question. "I don't know that he's any better than any other patient," she said, watching her critically. "He ought to be good—with his suite—and everybody running and waiting on him all the time."

A bell tinkled and buzzed on the board in the hall.

Aunt Jane's cap turned towards it. "That's him now, I suppose, wanting something!"

The nurse went out to the board and scanned it. She reached up and threw off the number and turned down the hall towards Suite A.

Aunt Jane's gaze followed her reflectively. When Dr. Carmon came he looked in at the office door. Aunt Jane was sitting quietly at her desk, at work on her books.

He came in. "What's up?" he said brusquely.

"I hope you'll find out," said Aunt Jane. Her tone was tranquil.

He shrugged his shoulders and removed his coat, throwing it carelessly across a chair. He took up his little black bag.

Aunt Jane regarded the coat disapprovingly. She went across and shook it out and laid it in neat folds.

"I think likely—it's a woman," she said, smoothing the coat.

He stopped abruptly, and looked at her. "Anybody been here?"

"Yes—a widow."

The doctor grunted a little. "Who let her in?"

"Well—I don't know that she upset him," said Aunt Jane. "Something did! You can find out, I guess." Her gaze was approvingly mild.

He relaxed a little.

"You want me to come with you?" she asked.

"No," hastily. "I'll send for you—if I need anything. Miss Canfield's around, I suppose."

"Yes, she's there, I guess. She's there most of the time," said Aunt Jane. Her face was non-committal.

But he glanced at it sharply. Then he went down to Suite A.

Horace Medfield, still sitting in his

AUNT JANE

window, with the blue quilted gown wrapped about his legs, wore an unhappy expression.

Dr. Carmon scanned it. He set down the black bag and drew up a chair.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked. He seated himself firmly in the chair and looked at his patient through keen glasses. All the little fine unconscious senses that diagnosed a case for Dr. Carmon were alert and reaching out for signs; but the man himself looked as impassive as a stone jug, sitting in his chair, a hand on either knee, surveying Horace Medfield.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"I don't know." Medfield's tone was indifferent. "I feel worse—general distress—heaviness."

"Any pain?" The doctor's hand, burrowing in his pocket, had brought out the stethoscope.

He adjusted it to his ears and hitched his chair a little nearer. Medfield made an obliging movement forward.

"Stay where you are," said the doctor gruffly. He leaned forward and placed the little metal discs on the blue-quilted gown and bent his head.

The two men were silent. Medfield, with his head against the back of the chair and his eyes closed, was wondering a little guiltily what the two little flexible tubes were revealing to the listening ears.

And Dr. Carmon, behind his impenetrable, scowling mask, was wondering what the mischief had gone wrong with Horace Medfield. And he listened—not so much with his ears as with those inner senses that never deceived him if he trusted them.

He slipped off the stethoscope and sat up.

"Did you say you had pain?" he asked.

"A little." The tone was weary.

Dr. Carmon looked at him sharply.

"Whereabouts?"

Medfield turned his head restively.

"Everywhere," he said. "Up my back and shoulders—the right one—and in my head."

"Your head aches, does it?" That was the outside question; and inside, all the little therapeutic fibres in Dr. Carmon's stubby figure were saying to him, "His head is as good as yours is this minute! What's the matter with him? Buck up—and find out!"

He put his hand on the patient's wrist.

"What would you like for dinner?" he asked.

"I couldn't eat anything," said Medfield passively.

"Not a nice chop—with some asparagus and mayonnaise?"—the doctor was watching the face.

Medfield shook his head resolutely. "I don't feel like eating."

"Very well." Dr. Carmon sat back and looked at him. "I think you'd better go to bed—and stay there for a while."

"You think I got up too soon?" Medfield's voice was patient and full of acquiescence; it was very meek.

"I don't think anything," said Dr. Carmon gruffly. "But when a man can't eat he'd better be in bed. There's nothing the matter with you."

Medfield's heart gave a quick, little jump. "You've probably got tired. That's all! Had company?"

"Someone came in—yes. She only stayed a few minutes," he added, virtuously.

"Well." Dr. Carmon got up. "That didn't hurt you, probably. You'll be all right. How's the boy?"

"All right. He's generally here," replied Medfield.

"Doesn't tire you?"

Horace Medfield's eyes opened quickly. "I want him here!" he said sharply.

Dr. Carmon's thought followed the look swiftly. "It isn't the boy, but it's something about him. I'll see the boy."

He rang the bell. "I'd get to bed right away, if I were you."

It was Aunt Jane who came leisurely in, glancing at the two men. "Miss Canfield's at dinner. She'll come pretty quick—if you need her."

"We don't need her. He's to go to bed for a while." The doctor nodded to Horace Medfield, who had got up from his chair, and was standing beside him.

The millionaire, in his blue silk robe with the velvet girdle and tassel, was a stately figure; and, for the second time, Aunt Jane had a lively sense of Dr. Carmon's short uncouthness and rumpled clothes—there was a large grease-spot on the front of his vest. Her mind made a quick note of the spot while her eyes travelled placidly to Horace Medfield.

"I'm glad you've made up your mind," she said pleasantly.

He was moving towards the door of his bedroom. He stopped. "It isn't *my* mind. It's the doctor's mind that's made up," he replied suavely.

THE QUIVER

Dr. Carmon watched him and smiled a little, and Miss Canfield, coming in the door, wondered what Dr. Carmon's smile meant.

Aunt Jane and the doctor returned to the office. She faced him.

"What's the matter?" she said.

He shook his head. "Just one of those things to keep you guessing." He shrugged his shoulders.

Aunt Jane's eyes rested on the grease-spot. "Soap and water will take that off!" she said practically. She laid a finger on the spot.

The doctor doubled his chin to look down on himself.

"Have the water hot and plenty of soap," said Aunt Jane.

He grunted, and drew his coat over the spot. "When I get time," he replied.

XXI

DR. CARMON and Aunt Jane stood in the sitting-room of Suite A. The door to the bedroom was ajar, and through it Miss Canfield could be seen moving about and waiting on Horace Medfield.

Aunt Jane went quietly to the door and drew it together with noiseless touch. "How is he?" she asked.

"All right. There's nothing the matter that I can find out." Dr. Carmon shrugged his shoulders a little. "Temperature normal—no change, you see." He pointed to the chart lying on the table, and ran his finger along the lines. "Pulse good. Slept like a top, Miss Canfield says."

"She's to go on ward duty to-day," said Aunt Jane.

He looked up quickly. "I want her here."

"You said, yesterday, I could have her for the men's ward," replied Aunt Jane. She was looking critically at the spot on his vest, and he drew his coat quickly together.

"That was yesterday," he said, gruffly. "I can't spare her now."

Aunt Jane sighed. "It doesn't seem right for one person to have everything."

"He'll have to have things—for a while," replied Dr. Carmon. "He'll have to have what he wants—till I find out what's wrong with him. He wants Miss Canfield. I can't take the risk of having him upset!" He spoke a little brusquely at the end.

Aunt Jane's feathers ruffled themselves.

"I don't know what call he has to expect to have any particular nurse!" she said. "We shall take good care of him, whatever nurse it is!"

"Yes—yes—of course," Dr. Carmon was testy and placating. "But I told him he could have Miss Canfield—till he was out of bed; and she'll have to stay."

"You told him—he could have Miss Canfield!" Aunt Jane's eye held something, and looked at it. "When did you tell him that?" she asked at last, letting it go.

"I told him yesterday."

"The first day he'd sat up!"

"Yes." He looked at her. "Anything wrong about that?" Dr. Carmon was not in his best humour. He felt Aunt Jane's eye boring through to the offending spot, and there was a subtle disapproval in her manner—something he did not quite fathom. "She'll have to stay!" he said—and the tone was final.

Aunt Jane's only reply was a little chuckling laugh.

He glared at her and went out.

Her smile followed him from the room. She went over to the window. From the next room came the sound of voices—Miss Canfield's low and quieting, and Horace Medfield's expostulating and fretful—and then silence.

Aunt Jane went across and opened the door. She looked in on Horace Medfield. He was lying with his eyes closed and an almost peaceful expression on his face. Miss Canfield was not in the room.

He opened his eyes and saw Aunt Jane, and closed them quickly. His face changed subtly and swiftly to distress.

Aunt Jane came leisurely in.

The eyes did not respond to her questioning look.

She sat down by the bed.

"Good morning," he said feebly.

Aunt Jane smiled. "I didn't think it was good—not very good—from what Dr. Carmon told me," she said slowly.

Medfield sighed. "Some pain," he admitted. He turned his head restlessly.

"Well, we must expect some pain." Her voice was as big and breezy as all outdoors.

Medfield's face relaxed under it—to a kind of meek patience.

Aunt Jane watched it kindly.

"What you need, Mr. Medfield, is a good wife——"

The eyes flew open—and stared—and closed again quickly.

AUNT JANE

She nodded. "That's what I've been thinking—someone that has sense and can do things—not just talk about them."

He smiled faintly. "I'm taken very good care of," he replied politely. "I couldn't ask for better care than I've had here." The eyes closed themselves again.

"Yes—Miss Canfield's a good nurse." She was watching the face and the closed eyes. "She takes good care—and she's got sense. What I was thinking was that you could go home now—if you had somebody to go with you to look after you and take an interest—if you had a wife."

"I'm not well enough," interposed Medfield quickly.

"Oh, yes—you're well enough, I guess."

"The doctor said I was to stay in bed!"

His defence was almost spirited.

"You and Julian could go together," went on Aunt Jane, ignoring it. "He'll look after you a bit."

Medfield groaned. And Aunt Jane reached out a hand to his forehead. Her cool touch rested on it.

"Your head feels all right," she said, smoothing it slowly.

The little wrinkles went out of Medfield's brow, and Aunt Jane watched it relax.

"Better tell me all about it," she said gently. "You'll feel better to get it off your mind, maybe."

"I don't feel well, you know." It was almost apologetic.

"No; and next thing, you know, you'll be right down ill—just pretending. I've been thinking about it," she said slowly, "ever since you were took down yesterday—but I didn't spot what was the matter—not till this morning."

"You don't know now!" Horace Medfield's tone was guilty and a little apprehensive.

Aunt Jane smiled. "Yes, I reckon I see it just about the way it is—now. You don't want to get well—not yet."

"No," he admitted feebly.

"And you don't want we should take Miss Canfield off your case."

He said nothing.

"Well, we're not going to take her off."

His face brightened a little.

Aunt Jane laughed softly. "That's right! You can chirp up—all you want to! You *do* need a good wife—much as anybody ever I saw."

He opened his lips, and stared at her, and closed them. "I—I believe I do!"

His eyes rested on the fresh childlike colour of Aunt Jane's face, and the little lines that twinkled at him.

"I believe I do!" he repeated softly.

Aunt Jane nodded sagely. "That's what you need."

She got up leisurely. "Well, I must go and do my work."

He put out his hand. "When will you come in again?" he asked.

"Oh—along by and by." She was moving from him. "You just attend to getting well. You'll be able to sit up some time this afternoon, maybe." She nodded to him from the door, and was gone.

He lay looking at the place where she had disappeared. A little wonder held his face, and a gentleness came into it, and the eyes watching the closed door smiled dreamily.

When Miss Canfield returned she glanced at him in surprise. "You're looking better!" she exclaimed.

"I feel better!" said Medfield, almost gaily. "The pain is entirely gone."

"That's good! We'll have you up in a day or two."

"I don't see why my son has not been in," replied Medfield.

She paused. "He did come"—she spoke slowly—"but we thought perhaps it was better not to disturb you. You were sleeping when he came—you seemed to be asleep."

"Did you see him?" demanded Medfield.

"Yes." The little clear colour that was always in her face mounted a trifle. "He's coming after dinner," she added quietly.

Medfield's face was cheerful. "I want to see him when he comes. If I am asleep, you tell him to wait."

"Very well, sir."

"You tell him yourself. Don't trust any of those people out there!" He made a motion of distrust toward the hospital in general. "You have him wait—see him yourself."

XXII

IN the linen-room at the end of the corridor Miss Canfield was busy with supplies for Suite A. She stood on a chair in front of a great cupboard, and her shoulders were lost in the depths of it. A sound behind her caused her to withdraw her head.

Julian Medfield was standing in the room, looking at her.

THE QUIVER

"What is the matter?" she said quickly. She got down from the chair.

"I thought I should find you," replied the youth.

"Did you want me?"

"Yes."

"What has happened?"

He watched her, smilingly. "I didn't say anything had happened. I said I wanted you."

The colour mounted swiftly, and she turned to the pile of linen on the table and gathered it up. "I am rather busy this morning," she said quietly. "I thought you meant that your father needed something."

"No—he doesn't need anything, I suppose. They told me in the office that *you* wanted *me*. They said you had left word for me. They made a mistake, perhaps." He spoke half-teasingly, and she lifted her chin.

"That was your father," she replied. "He didn't want to miss you." She sorted out the sheets impersonally. She had not looked at him after the first flurried minute.

"Do you want me to go away?" he said, quietly.

She looked up, startled. "Why?"

"I didn't know."

Her fingers returned to their work. "I think your father is awake," she said in a business-like tone. "I will go and see." She placed the linen in the cupboard and closed the door and locked it.

His hand made a little gesture. "Would you please—?"

She waited.

"I can't say anything if you look like that!" he said whimsically.

She moved from him to the window. "There isn't any need to—say anything!"

The reddish hair was lighted up against the window as he had seen it before, and he watched it.

"That's the way I feel!" he said softly.

"How do you feel?" She wheeled about and looked at him.

"As if there wasn't any need to say things—as if—"

She had turned back to the window. He went towards her.

"You've known all along!" he said.

He addressed the little locks gathered up under her cap.

He was quite near to her now.

"You knew—the first day I came—when

I saw you—in father's room," he declared to the little locks of hair. "Didn't you?"

There was no reply.

"And every time I've seen you since!" he said exultingly. "And now that I've got you alone for a minute you pretend—"

"I'm not pretending!" The shoulders shrugged a little.

"And turn your back on me," he added quietly.

"It's very thoughtless of you," she said, speaking to the window. "And you make it awkward for me. I hoped you would have sense enough not to say anything."

"I haven't any sense," said the young man. "And you have so much. That's why I like you. I fell in love with your sense—the first day!"

She had turned and faced him now. "Of course you don't care," she said indignantly. "It is just a joke to you—to come interfering with my work—"

"I didn't mean to stop you." He glanced helplessly at the linen cupboard.

"I mean my nursing!" she said with dignity. "I can't take care of your father if you're looking at me—and saying foolish things—all the time."

He reached out a hand. "I'm not saying foolish things," he said quietly. "And you know it—"

A little bell buzzed somewhere, and she lifted her head. "He's ringing," she said quickly. "It's his bell! I'll have to go!"

Then she waited.

And he took her hands and looked down at them, and bent and kissed her gently, and watched the little colour come dancing into her face.

"Pretending you didn't care!" he said.

He crushed the two hands hard, and she cried out and drew them away, and lifted them to her face and began to cry into them—little, hard sobs that shook her. And he held her close and patted the troubled shoulder.

"There, there!" he said. His voice was very young and happy and surprised.

And she looked up and smiled—a queer little reddened smile—under her crooked cap.

The bell tinkled, and rang a long, shrill burr.

"I shall have to go! I know I look like a fright!" She reached to the cap.

"You look dear!" said the young man exultantly.

But she was gone, and he was speaking



"Julian Medfield was standing, looking at her.
'What is the matter?' she said quickly."

Drawn by
Basil Salmon.

THE QUIVER

only to the white wainscoted panels of the linen-room and to the sunlight flooding in.

XXIII

HORACE MEDFIELD glanced at her sharply as she came in. "I've been ringing some time," he said dryly.

"I was in the linen-room. I'm sorry. I came as soon as I could."

He looked at her face. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing." She shook her head.

"You look as if you had been crying," he said, studying her.

"I haven't anything to cry about. I am very happy!" She returned his gaze serenely, with a little fluttering look that came and went underneath.

"You look happy," he admitted. "But I could swear you'd been crying."

"It doesn't matter how I look, does it?" She straightened the clothes a little and shook out his pillows. "Can I get you something, sir? I'm sorry you had to wait."

"It doesn't matter. But I woke up, and thought of Julian. I was afraid he would go away. I told you to have him wait, you know; and it's after three. He ought to be here by this time." His tone was petulant.

"I'll see if he has come," she replied.

But the door of the sitting-room had opened, and they had a glimpse of the young man crossing the room.

"Here he is!" said his father with satisfaction. "Now, don't you go—I may need you."

The boy came and stood in the doorway. "Hallo, father. How do you do, Miss Canfield?" He bowed to her.

"Come in, Julian," said Medfield impatiently. "I missed you this morning. How did you find things at the office?"

"All right, I guess." The young man crossed the room slowly. "I shouldn't know if they weren't right. I know about as much about the business as"—he looked about him and smiled—"as that brass knob over there!" He nodded to it.

His father smiled contentedly. "You'll learn." Then he looked at him quickly. "You like it, don't you?"

"Oh, I like it," said the young man comfortably. "I like it better than anything I've ever done. I feel as if I be-

longed there. I feel like my own grandfather, I guess." He laughed happily.

"Of course they treat me a good deal like a kid," he added.

"You're not so very old!" responded Horace Medfield, with a twinkle.

The young man's eye rested impersonally on the nurse, who was moving about the room. "I'm growing up every day," he declared cheerfully.

Miss Canfield's face was not responsive. She was studying Horace Medfield's chart. She took it up and left the room.

Medfield's eyes followed her. "There's a young woman who knows her business," he said with approval.

Julian sat down. "She seems very competent," he responded.

His father shot a keen glance at his cheerful indifference.

"She's more than competent," he said severely. "You want to be tied up like this for a while to find out what people really are."

"I don't think I should mind it so much." The boy smiled at him frankly.

"You look very comfortable, sir."

"I am better," admitted Medfield.

"What put you back yesterday?"

Medfield looked at the ceiling. "Nobody seems to understand just what was the matter with me," he said quietly; "unless, maybe, Aunt Jane knows. I think perhaps she understands the case better than the doctor."

"She's a nice old woman," said Julian pleasantly. "Comfortable to have around."

His father's glance was amused and a little critical. "How old do you suppose she is, my son?"

"Oh, I don't know—fifty, maybe—any age!" said the boy. "You don't think of age with a woman like that. You just love her!"

His father smiled. "You have some sense, I see. No, I don't want it!" He held up a warning hand to the nurse, who had returned with his medicine. "I don't want it!"

Miss Canfield smiled. "The doctor said you were to have it, sir."

"Set it down," said Medfield. "I'll take it by and by. I'm not sick," he grumbled. "I don't need medicine!" He glanced at it with aversion.

His son looked on with an amused smile. Medfield's eyes rested on him and then on Miss Canfield. His face cleared. He

AUNT JANE

motioned to her. "I want my son to see that catalogue that came this morning—the rose catalogue, you know. Will you show it to him, please? It's in the other room."

She started towards the door. "I will bring it."

But he held up a hand. "No, I don't want it in here. I'm tired."

He turned to Julian. "It's the catalogue of foreign roses, from Rotterdam—the firm that Munson always orders from. He wants to send in orders for autumn delivery right off. I looked it over and made out a list. I showed Miss Canfield. She understands—"

He closed his eyes. "I think I'll rest a few minutes," he said. "She'll show the list to you and tell you what I said, and you can give it to Munson to-night. Don't forget it."

He waved them away and lay with closed eyes. Presently he opened his eyes and smiled leniently. Through the open door he could see the two heads bending over the catalogue. The murmur of voices came to him soothingly.

He drew a sigh. It almost seemed as if the boy were stupid. A girl like that—one in a thousand—right before him, every day for over a week now! He lay listening to the voices—there were long silences, it seemed to him, and awkward pauses. The heads had moved a little. He could not see them, and the gaps of silence irritated him. His thoughts ran back to his own youth. He had not been backward! He thought of it with a flitting smile. In less than two weeks from the day he met her she had promised to marry him. Young people nowadays had no spirit—no fire. He fumed a little. It would probably take Julian six months to discover that the girl was even pretty! Horace Medfield couldn't lie in bed six months, waiting for his son to get his eyes open.

He rang the bell a little impatiently, and Miss Canfield came to the door.

She glanced at the glass on the stand beside him. "You haven't taken your medicine."

He looked at it guiltily. "I forgot. Did you make out the list?"

"Partly." She hesitated, and he fancied that a little fine flush crept along under the transparent skin. "I don't believe I remembered all that you said about them."

"Never mind!" He was magnanimous and suddenly cheerful. "I'll go over them

again to-morrow. And I'd like you to see the place where they are to be put." He was speaking slowly. "I think you might help me—if it isn't too much trouble?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"My rose garden, I mean," said Medfield.

"Oh!" The little fine flush swept up again.

He watched it with satisfaction.

"Julian has never taken much interest in the garden," said Medfield. "He doesn't know one rose from another."

"No?" She was busy with the glass on the stand.

"But women have a kind of instinct about such things." He was impersonal and gallant, and the little shadow of disturbance left her face.

She moved about, making him comfortable.

"I wish you would ask my son to come here," said Medfield.

The young man came—with the catalogue in his hand. His face was open and cheerful.

"How far have you got?" asked Medfield.

"I don't understand all your hieroglyphics," replied the young man, seating himself on the edge of the bed. "This, for instance." He held out the book, pointing to a brilliantly-coloured specimen with little pencilled dots on the margin.

Medfield glanced at it. "That means 'Try again,'" he said.

"Oh!" He made a memorandum on the margin, smiling a little as he did it.

"Munson never wants to try things twice," said his father. "You'll have to watch him, or he'll leave that out, now." He nodded to the brilliant-pictured rose.

The boy's eye dwelt on it. "Looks worth trying for—several times," he said softly.

"It is," replied his father. "It's hardy and fragrant and prolific—"

"I'll tell Munson," said the boy hastily. "I won't forget."

"I'm going to have Miss Canfield go home—to see the garden," responded Medfield.

The young man stood up. He looked at his father, a little bewildered, and then towards the door of the next room, where a white figure was flitting about at work.

"I want her to see the garden," went on Medfield. "She has excellent taste—and common sense. She can tell me what

THE QUIVER

Munson's up to. This is just the season he needs watching. No telling what he'll do."

"I see!" The young man turned over the pages of the Rotterdam catalogue slowly. He was absorbed in them.

"She's going to-morrow afternoon," said Medfield.

"Alone?"

"I suppose she'll go alone—yes; unless you want to spare time to take her," said Medfield carelessly.

"I shall be very glad to take her, sir."

"Very well." Medfield was indifferent. "You can arrange it between you. Four o'clock is a good time to be there," he added. "The light is very good about four." He lay silent for a few minutes. It was growing dark in the room.

"You might have them serve tea for you in the pergola," he said quietly.

Julian started. He had thought his father was asleep. He came over to the bed.

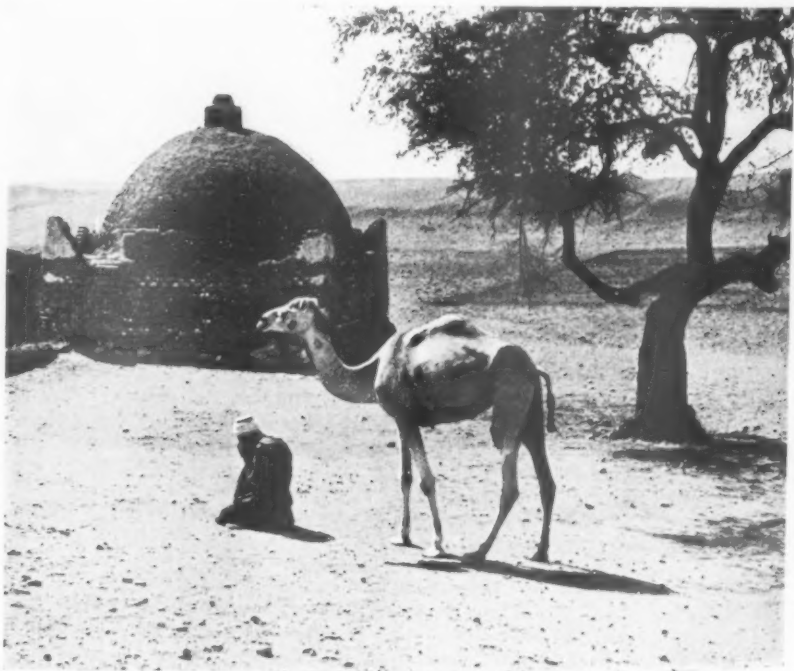
"I'll see that she has a pleasant afternoon, sir." He stood looking down at his father, his hands in his pockets.

"She's been very good to me—taken good care of me, you know," replied Medfield.

"I understand," said Julian. "I'll do everything I can to make it pleasant for her." He looked at his father, and opened his lips to say something, and turned away.

Miss Canfield had come in and touched the electric light, and it flooded softly into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

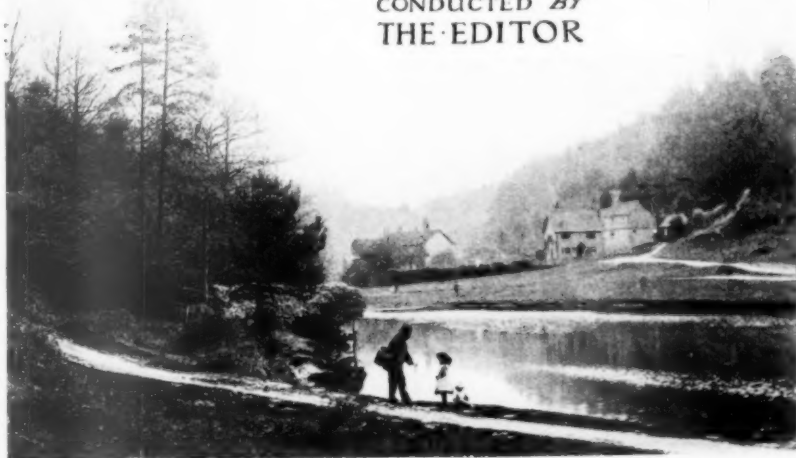


At the Tomb of the Sheikh.
A Moslem at Prayer in the Desert.

Photo:
D. McLeish.

CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR



A Year's Hard March

OLD Father Time has some hard patches on the route marches he prescribes for his friends, and certainly this 1915, now nearing its close, has been a trying stretch indeed. We have been denied much of the thrill that accompanied the opening stages of the war; there has been little of the dramatic, little of the romantic, about the news we have so eagerly devoured day by day; we have been making history during 1915, but it has been one long steady grinding process, and we all heave a sigh of relief as the old year, with its heart-aches and its pangs, comes to an end.



Back Over the Road

JUST go back over the road a twelve-month, and see how large a part patient waiting has had to play. At the beginning of the year we patiently waited for the big advance of the spring; all through spring and summer we waited—for shells, for men, for the opportunity, for the news that came not. We have long since forgotten that we waited for the Russians to get to Berlin, and remember dimly that we waited for the easy forcing of the Dardanelles, the renewed Balkan League that should have taken the field, the Great Drive that might have pushed back the lines on the Western Front. Instead, we have had the

Russian set-back, the huge war loan, the increased Budget taxation, the Derby recruiting, Bulgarian treachery, and Greek vacillation.



A Year of Waiting

ON the surface it seems to have been a year of waiting. When we really know the history of the campaign we shall understand how superficial this impression is. Of course, there have been mistakes and failures, ebb and flow, good luck and ill luck. It is not the province of THE QUIVER to teach strategy to generals, or diplomacy to statesmen. Too fatally easy is it to point the moral after the event. During one of the depressing developments of the Balkan entanglement, by way of diversion one evening I put aside the newspaper, with its necessarily limited outlook, and took down the history book. Almost unconsciously I turned to the Napoleonic Wars. The parallel has often been referred to, but how cheering the contrast. I read of the gloomy days when there were not merely set-backs, but overwhelming defeats like that of Austerlitz. I pictured the time when not small powers like Bulgaria were added to our foes, but the whole of Europe was ranged against us. I read again of the year of waiting whilst Wellington was "doing nothing" in the Spanish Peninsula—when, as a matter of fact, his efforts were paralysed by the

THE QUIVER

short-sighted critics at home; I noted America, not benevolently neutral, but actually declaring war upon us. We talk proudly of Trafalgar and Waterloo: read your history books and remember the "waiting" and the work that preceded it.



On the "Starred" List

IT is only on the surface that this has been a year of waiting; underneath vast forces have been at work, culminating towards the inevitable end. And if generals and statesmen have been busy, how has it been with the ordinary, everyday people such as *THE QUIVER* is designed to help? Well, if there is one lesson stronger than another that 1915 has sought to teach us, it is the tremendously high value set on the ordinary man and woman. This sounds paradoxical when so many hundreds of thousands of brave young lives have been lost in the trenches. But what of the demands of the hour? "Your King and Country need you" has been the most insistent text of the year. Everybody has been made to feel that on their efforts depended the success of the war. Young girls have left their classes to do clerical work in offices and banks; women have found they were needed to staff the trams and the railways; men, and still more men, have been called upon to enlist in their country's service. The King has called for them, the canvasser has waited upon them in their homes. And even with those not at the front, how useful they have been. Is it not something novel for the employer to tell the employee that he is "indispensable" to the conduct of his business and the success of his country? One and all of us have been bearing the burden of this world-undertaking; the bravest of us have given their lives; even the meanest and least willing have had to help with every cup of tea they drink and every lump of sugar they take. No; we are not just atoms, but essential parts of a great organism; we are valuable in the eyes of the nation, "indispensable" to King and Country.



Copying Christian Ideals

HAS it struck us how nearly the national ideal in this matter has copied the Christian ideal? Has not the State merely repeated the Christian dogma—"Ye are not your own," called, chosen, enlisted, starred? It has been the source of immeasurable comfort to many a mother that the son she has borne has been of use to the

State. How many heroes there have been from the unknown, ordinary people! But is it not of greater comfort that we, in our millions, are not merely necessary parts in a human organisation; but that God, too, has His plans for us, that we, insignificant or prominent, are "indispensable" in His great workshop? Those who enlist in the service of the State are fed and cared for in an unprecedented way; by some mysterious process the long arm of the State stretches forth and gives food to the silent watcher in the trenches, and sustenance to the lonely mother and wife at home. But God's providence is more wonderful than the carefully devised plans of Army Service Corps and Pay Agencies. God's generalship is more efficient than that of any Army Board, the progress of His campaigns more unfaltering than that of any earthly commander.



A New Year's Message

SURELY the message for the New Year to every Christian soul is that we are all in the keeping of the Almighty Father. We are enlisted in His service, "starred," "indispensable" parts of His plan. Even the slacker and the unwilling is forced unconsciously to help along His scheme of operations; the willing are used to the utmost of their powers in ways that are varied, according to their capacity and His necessity.



Into the Deep Places

WE have been brought into the deep places; the ordinary securities of life have been found to be insufficient; we have known danger; we have faced death itself. And in the deepest places, in the worst experiences, we have found God. Whether by living or by dying we are in His keeping. Shall we not trust the perilous unknown to Him? Shall we not have confidence in His generalship, His providence? Whether in peace, or in war, with Him we are on the winning side; whether in the body or beyond the grave we are "under the shadow of His wings."



Serenity and Faith Wanted

THERE is no more moving picture in history than that of the early Christian martyrs going forth to death—not with resignation, but with cheerfulness; not with mere self-control, but in joyful serenity. No heroism on the battlefield has exceeded that quiet overcoming of death. But surely

CONVERSATION CORNER

there ought to be more courage, more serenity, in those who believe in Christianity than those who have merely the consolations of an earthly command. There is a great call, in these dark days, for men of faith and heroism. These are needed, not only on the battlefield, but in the ordinary walks of life. After all, it is easy to criticise, easy to be depressed. Let us enter the New Year in the light of Christian hope, and the courage that comes from Christian certitude.



Under the Shadow of His Wings

IS Divine Protection in war-time a reality? There are many stories current of wonderful preservations on the battlefields and on the seas. I have asked Miss Amy B. Barnard to sift these carefully and give us something authentic. She has been most carefully into the subject, and next month I hope to print the result of her investigations.



The Belgium of the Future

THE article by Miss Miall in this issue points to the time, not too distant, as we all hope, when Belgium will come into her own again, and the waste places shall be repaired. What is to be the future of the martyred country? Will life go on as it did before the Great Upheaval? The thing is impossible. In many respects things will have to be started from the beginning again: there will have to be a concerted scheme of reconstruction. I have asked M. Borboux, who is a member of the Belgian Parliament, to give my readers something of a forecast of "The Belgium of the

Future." M. Borboux has kindly undertaken this commission, and his article will also appear in my February number.



The King's War Year

WE all sympathise with His Majesty the King in this time of seclusion consequent on his recent accident. But we are proud to feel that—just as the humblest soldier—he was wounded in the service of his country. The time is fitting to remind ourselves of the strenuous and unceasing service that the King has been rendering all through these critical days. Mr. A. C. Marshall has compiled a record of some of the labour and sacrifice the King has put into war work, and "The King's War Year" will be an important feature of my next number.



On the Way to Bagdad

HOW stupendous are the ramifications of the world-war! We have lately been following the fortunes of the British Expedition to Bagdad. In spite of their temporary set-back we all hope they will soon be in the city itself. I have been fortunate to secure, for my next number, a special account of the proceedings of this out-of-the-way force, and "With the British to Bagdad" will be an informative record. The article will be fully illustrated.

The Editor





Some of the Lady Workers
at a Y.M.C.A. Hut at Enfield.

THE WORKMAN AND THE Y.M.C.A.

A Revolution the War has Caused

By the Special Commissioner of "THE QUIVER"

The Y.M.C.A. of the past has too often been the exclusive preserve of a particular kind of young man—doing a good work but on rather narrow lines. The war has been the opportunity for a remarkable departure. Without surrendering an ounce of principle the Y.M.C.A. has enlarged its conception of service. It has gone out to do just the work that was waiting to be done: it is doing splendid service—and, incidentally, rejuvenating itself.

FLIFTY years ago—also, probably, later—the Y.M.C.A. had little to do with the workman. Its mission included the shop assistant, the clerk, and the young professional man in the middle class. An unbridgeable chasm usually existed between those who wore decent clothes at their work and kept themselves clean, and those who did exactly the opposite. Neither appreciated the other, nor realised that both in their several ways were necessary to the welfare of the nation. Certainly, the clerk could have no employment if the mills, forges, and workshops did not rattle with machinery, or clang with the noise of the hammer. The workman had need of the clerk to record his work, and to present a statement to the customer. Still, there it was, and the Y.M.C.A. found comparatively little opportunity to prove its service to the workman. And now the war is altering these old and stupid relationships.

In Munition-ville

Let me tell a story and a true one. Right away in the wilds of the country, with excellent railway communication, there is being constructed at the time of writing an entirely new town solely for the manufacture of munitions. Where it is situated—north or south, east or west—does not matter. When the place is in going order it will probably accommodate ten thousand work-people. A week or two since it was devoid of dwellings, except for a lonely farm or cottage. Before these lines appear a great and new industry, with all its needs and equipment, will have sprung up in the sparsely populated district.

A New Population

What provision, then, has been made for this new population of workers? They will require food, and presently clothing and articles of necessity. The nearest town is

THE WORKMAN AND THE Y.M.C.A.

miles distant—what will they do? There is not a single shop or store within miles of the centre that could attempt to supply the wants of these munition workers. Those who are responsible for the undertaking tried to secure the co-operation of two large and reputable firms to organise the whole supply. In normal times this might have proved a profitable enterprise. To-day the firms were obliged to turn down the suggestion. Still, the proposition had to be met somehow, and by somebody, and, in the dilemma, the Y.M.C.A. was approached and has offered, if necessary, to accept the responsibility.

The Y.M.C.A. has no desire to enter the catering business. Its aims are more comprehensive than mere bread-and-butter arrangements. In every one of its agencies the Y.M.C.A. seeks to establish the Christian atmosphere, and to encourage the touch of home in all its huts and centres. But there was the appeal. It has, therefore, bargained to do many things in this instance which an ordinary firm has neither the inclination nor the staff to undertake. In all this provisioning for a big munition centre the Y.M.C.A. will encourage the employees to realise that the Christian spirit prompts the whole contract. They will receive their money's worth, plus sympathy, brotherliness and co-operation. On entering the Y.M.C.A. buildings they will appreciate the fact that, whilst they are naturally customers, the Y.M.C.A. does not attempt to extract dividends, but to commend Christianity.

"This is all very well," says the keen business man, "but it is not fair. You trade on charitable funds and undersell the legitimate trader."

Just Doing what is Wanted

"No, sir," replies the Y.M.C.A. worker. "We run this enterprise on business lines and charge against it a fair interest

on capital expenditure. This is not a charity, for we are assured that the working men despise attempts to pauperise them in any shape or form. They are prepared to pay a fair price for that which is supplied to them. We shall repay capital expenditure and devote the profits, which are assured, to the betterment of the institute itself."

This story illustrates one aspect of the opportunities presented to the Y.M.C.A. by the war. Christianity comes into its own when it touches humanity in its everyday requirements. No longer is it a hothouse plant living in a rarefied air, but a wide-spreading tree under which shelter men and women—for, let it not be forgotten, there are also thousands of women workers for whom the Y.M.C.A. has secured similar advantages through its association with the Y.W.C.A. The provisioning, both material and moral, for a large new community was a big undertaking, but the Y.M.C.A. had already tackled bigger problems and with similar faith and vision.

Sleeping Huts for the Workers

Housing conditions have always proved a thorny problem for the social reformer.



Exterior of a Y.M.C.A. Hut :
Workers leaving after dinner.

THE QUIVER

This has presented itself to the Y.M.C.A. in various forms.

When men were moved from towns and villages all over the country to work in munition centres, the requests for cottages and lodgings became abnormal, and presently the demand far exceeded the supply. In numbers of cases the men had to be content with quarters several miles from the factory. This meant that whilst working at high pressure and for long hours their physical strength was further taxed by considerable journeys night and morning, and an absence of comfort or home-life during the meal times. Where men sought lodgings within the munition area they frequently had to accept the bed occupied during the day. The night worker, in this instance, would vacate the bedroom just an hour or two before his colleague on the day shift required to go to bed.

I am assured that men are still in this unhappy position. They earn sufficient wages to pay for, and, moreover, are anxious to secure, comfortable quarters. Yet, by the circumstances created artificially, they endure conditions that are extremely unpleasant and unhealthy.

To meet this unquestioned need the Y.M.C.A. initiated a scheme whereby the workers can live under much healthier and pleasanter conditions. At Enfield and elsewhere blocks of wooden huts have been constructed around a common hall so that

a munition worker obtains a clean and convenient cubicle to himself. It is not large, but sufficient for his purpose. He has a comfortable bed and clean sheets and floor, the use of a bath and other necessities.

A hall is provided for meals, which are far in advance of the usual board supplied in an ordinary artisan's household. With the assistance of a large voluntary committee of ladies in the locality, the food is well cooked and nicely served. If you have seen the serving of the meals, the fresh-cut flowers in the vases, and the dainty-looking tables, you will agree that the Y.M.C.A. ladies have learnt how to make things attractive to heavily pressed munition workers.

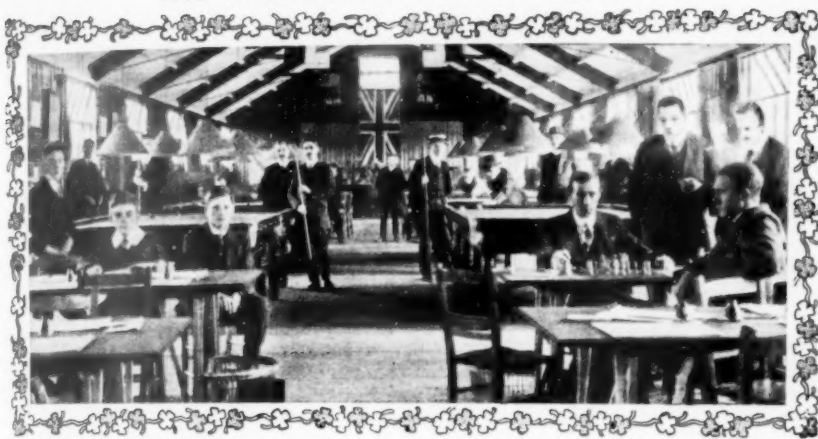
Recreation

Another fact commending these places is the club-like provision for recreation. An objection to the early Y.M.C.A. was often urged because its negative rules seemed so cast-iron. A man must not smoke, except in a miserable little room in the basement. In these munition centres the men smoke as they please. Without leaving the refreshment hall they can adjourn to a billiard table and play their game. At the other end of the room is a piano, and the musically inclined can sing their favourite songs, or listen to those who possess the vocal gift. Others, again, can attend to their correspondence, and take advantage of the free note-paper provided for their use.



A Meal in a Y.M.C.A. Hut.

THE WORKMAN AND THE Y.M.C.A.



Recreation for War Workers.

So it has happened this time that "the children of light" possessed greater wisdom and application than "the children of darkness," by supplying some of the amenities common to the homes of the well-to-do for the war workman, and in this way have depleted the public-houses. Thousands of working men do not want to frequent the inn or tavern for the purpose of getting alcoholic liquors. They love sociability, and are sometimes almost compelled to seek it under conditions not always of the best. The Y.M.C.A. has said to the worker, "Here is all you need without the drink!" and he has replied, "All right! I am your man."

For board and residence, including laundry, as well as the institute facilities, the Y.M.C.A. charges 20s. per week, and the men are agreed that they obtain excellent value for their money. Still, this does not end the Y.M.C.A. service. These men are generally cut off from their home friends, their churches and chapels, and their social environments. Nature is opposed to a vacuum, and something has to be done to supply the loss. A programme is therefore provided with features that will lift a man out of himself, and, in addition, introduce the compensations of religion at a time of national necessity.

To the ordinary man or woman living a quiet life away from the great munition centres, where scores of thousands of men and women are employed, it is difficult to convey an adequate description of the demands made upon the locality for food and drink. For a correct impression it is

necessary to visit one of these places and study the situation at first hand. Let me, therefore, attempt a pen picture.

The Dinner Hour

It is the dinner hour, and from the gates of the factory move out a great stream of men of all ages and of every class. At least one-half are comparative strangers to the district. They have been recruited from many parts of the country for the purpose, and have been obliged to make the best of war conditions. In a few minutes most of the outflowing current have filled the nearest public-houses and refreshment rooms, which were never intended to supply such numbers. Those who come later endeavour to struggle in, or line up in queues on the pavement, vociferously urging the men inside to "buck up and give others a chance." Appreciating the position from past experience some have brought a packet of sandwiches, or bread and cheese, and stand on the kerbstone eating a modest lunch in the hope that they will presently secure a cup of coffee or other liquid refreshment. Oftentimes the hour has passed without a chance occurring for these natural needs to be supplied. In pleasant weather a pavement dinner provides some excitement. It can be far less cheerful on cold and damp days, and a man may return cheerless and discontented to his work after a very unsatisfying lunch. His working capacity does not improve by the experience. Mentally and physically he is less efficient, and his employers are keenly

THE QUIVER

aware of this drawback. Some have provided meal rooms with a supply of hot water, and other conveniences for heating the food. In other cases they have co-operated with the Y.M.C.A. But there are difficulties. Every inch of the space in the factory is usually necessary to their business, and with the best endeavours possible they cannot alter the conditions, or ensure an adequate mid-day meal.

Calling in the Y.M.C.A.

Here, again, the Government authorities and the manufacturers have turned to the Y.M.C.A. Its leaders have changed the aspect of camp life for the Tommy at home and abroad. Cannot they do something for the worker? This query was so persistent that the Y.M.C.A. could not escape the obligation.

Mr. A. K. Yapp, the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., with all the claims of a vast and growing organisation for the benefit of H.M. Forces in many parts of the world, had no desire to undertake further responsibilities for the sake of a big enterprise. It was the opportunity to do something for the workman that inspired his acquiescence and that of the Y.M.C.A. leaders. The need undoubtedly existed. How best could it be met? Could the Y.M.C.A. count on the services of ladies, with the ability to arrange an adequate service of meals, and agencies for these workers?

The answer to these queries was found in the willing co-operation of Lady Henry Grosvenor, Lady Askwith, Lady Wolverton, Lady Fitzwilliam, the Viscountess Ridley, Lady Rodney, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Bertram Corbet, Mrs. Williams of Miskin, Miss Vickers, and others, who formed later an auxiliary committee under Lord Derby's chairmanship, with Lady Procter as a special representative from the Young Women's Christian Association. The President of the committee was H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who has performed herself a large amount of most valuable work.

Changing the Whole Aspect

What has been accomplished in the course of a few months by these auxiliary agencies affiliated to the Y.M.C.A. for this purpose is remarkable. It has changed the whole aspect of the relationship between the

Y.M.C.A. and the workman, and given occasion for the recognition of the fact that the Y.M.C.A. is not an institution solely for the benefit of young men in the middle class, but a society appealing to the strenuous vital manhood of the nation, irrespective of class or creed.

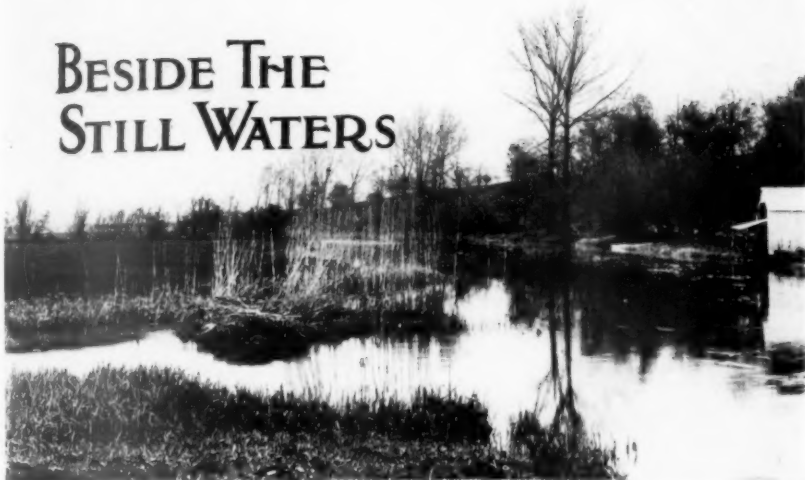
In the course of my inquiry into the operations of the Y.M.C.A. for the benefit of working men, I saw the whole scheme in operation. In large buildings, close to the factory gates, halls have been transformed into huge dining-rooms, with up-to-date kitchens and everything complete. For is, a hot dinner is provided, including sweets and coffee, equivalent to anything that can be obtained elsewhere for the money. The ordinary elements of the eating-house were avoided, and the customers given a musical programme which added brightness and vivacity to the occasion. One could not escape a happy feature. Every waitress was a voluntary worker who was performing her bit of war work, and just doing it for the love of the thing. Men who can look at such agencies in quite detached fashion have approved these arrangements in an enthusiastic way, realising how much thought and business care inspired the initiative and supplied the details. Not only have the ordinary day workers been accommodated, but for the night shift special service has been arranged which has solved the problem of securing late meals.

Transport Workers

The war naturally imposes a heavy burden on the transport department, whose services are requisitioned at various ports. Thousands of men are employed in tasks which may be described as those common to the dock labourer, but at the present day they are formed into battalions and clothed in khaki. Unlike the ordinary soldier, however, they provide their own meals and are paid on a different basis. A dinner for fivepence is the speciality that appeals to them.

If I could mention places, familiar to many readers of *THE QUIVER*, I could tell of the keen satisfaction experienced by the transport workers with respect to the provision made by the Y.M.C.A. So eager are the men to dine in the Y.M.C.A. but for fivepence, that they actually leave their request for dinner on the way to the docks in the early morning.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



Our Changeless Friend

*THE fleeting years both come and go,
And time runs on unto the end ;
But He who makes the seasons flow
Is still our never-changing Friend.*

*The seasons alter day by day,
And flowers die on changing hills ;
But while all goes in changeful way
God's love still holds our changing wills.*

*The changing scenes of life go by,
And our weak bodies change with years ;
Though many fairest hopes must die,
Yet what we wisely ask He hears.*

*The change of time and things goes on,
And soon our changing life shall end ;
Then shall we find, when we have gone,
Rest given by our changeless Friend.*

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

A Beautiful Prayer

THE fishermen of Brittany, so we are told, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep : " Keep me, my God ; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought ! How wise and appropriate the prayer ! Might not the same petition well be uttered with the same directness by us every day of our lives ? " Keep me, my God ; my boat is so small "—I am so weak,

so helpless, so easily carried by the winds and tossed by the waves. " And Thy ocean is so wide"—the perils so many, the rocks so frequent, the currents of temptation so resistless, the tides of evil so treacherous, the icy mountains of disaster so threatening that except Thou, the Lord, dost keep me, I must utterly perish.—REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

Learning to Love

IT is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.—REV. HUGH BLACK.

The Water of Life

JESUS always goes straight to the point. To meet the need of one erring Samaritan woman He sets forth a truth that floods with sunlight the discontent and despair of the whole weary world. How does it satisfy, this gift of God, whose symbol is the living water ?

It mixes a new element with life that makes it worth living. Without the gift of God there is always something lacking.

But the water of life which Jesus gives changes all this. It puts into all our relations

THE QUIVER

with the material world and with humanity something that is from above and which keeps them always fresh and delightful.

If the fountain of eternal youth and the stone that turns all things into gold could be discovered, they would only add to the despair of mankind; but the water of life satisfies heart, home, and society.

The water of life satisfies the longing of the soul for something higher, stronger than itself. "To tell men that they cannot help themselves," says Froude in one of his essays, "is to fling them into recklessness and despair." How little knowledge of human nature such a statement as that shows. Men are in despair because they cannot help themselves; they have tried it again and again. But Jesus promises a gift which comes from the Eternal Life, and continually springs up unto everlasting life. Many a man who has received this gift has afterwards been tempted, even as Jesus Himself was tempted. But when the living water is springing up in his soul, it gives him power to resist the devil. "I can't do this evil thing," he says; "I have received the gift of God, and I will not soil it with sin."—J. MERVIN HULL.



The Child in the Garden

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet wild ways with stainless bloom in-
wrought,

And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear.
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with
me;
I am the little child you used to be."

HENRY VAN DYKE.



Success through Moral Mastery

THE old inspired adage tells us that "greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city"—a principle that finds illustration to-day as truly as in the time of Solomon. Current events are showing that both in war and in peace the men who are making their mark in history are not the moral weaklings, but the individuals who are able to guide and direct their

fellows, because they have first of all mastered with iron hand their own feelings and impulses.

It is self-command that is the necessary pre-requisite of leadership in the great fields of human endeavour. It was a conviction of this truth that led President Garfield to say to the college lads of his day: "Go and command something, if it's only a potato patch!" By this he may have meant in the first instance to recommend that young men and women who are obliged to work for a living should as soon as possible become their own employers. Not all have the opportunity or indeed the ability to serve as the heads of departments where others look to them for orders, but every young man ought to be able to command the "potato patch" of his own character.

Without being unduly self-assertive everybody can be morally masterful, and so render his life an essential success, even when he does not amass a huge fortune. If only we are right with God and with ourselves we are already among the sons of the mighty. Success is then ultimately a matter of self-achievement—as was hinted at by the inscription which a schoolmaster once wrote in the album of a pupil who has since become famous:

"Make up your mind to be of some account in the world. You can if you will!"—REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.



The Life Beyond

THE early Christians were constantly driven upon the thought of eternity. They saw that the veil was close to them, and wanted it rent from top to bottom, so that they might pass through at once, and be with Christ, which was far better. They exulted in the eternity towards which their whole soul was aspiring. Brothers, a few days may carry us into eternity. This life does not end all; we are going to an eternity of blessedness, to progress without limit, to an assimilation with God that shall know no sudden break or failure, but shall be perfect even as He Himself is perfect.—REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D.



WE shall rob ourselves of Divine anointing and Divine help if we do not make room in our busiest days for quiet retreat from noise and strife—apart with Christ, where we may sit at His feet to hear His words, or lie on His bosom to absorb His Spirit for the refreshing and transforming of our own lives.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.



What One Housewife tells Another

"Cytos" Flour is being talked about all over the country; and clever home-cooks are telling each other just how good it is. Quite often, too, those who are trying it and proving its excellence are kind enough to write to the Proprietors—

"Cytos" Flour Mills, Great Grimsby—and give their candid opinion as to the real merits of this perfect Cake-Flour.

It cannot too often be repeated that "Cytos" contains the rich germ of the wheat-berry, the real life of the grain, that which gives to bread its sustaining and strengthening properties, and makes it worthy to be called the Staff of Life.

When you send a shilling for a 3-lb. bag of "Cytos" you will receive, packed in the bag together with the flour, the Little "Cytos" Book of Simple Recipes, which will help you with the making of many delicious Cakes, Scones, and Puddings.

A 3-lb. trial bag of

"Cytos"

will be sent direct to your door if you forward a shillingworth of stamps or a postal order for the same amount to "Cytos" Flour Mills, Great Grimsby.

Just What Clever Home-Cooks are saying about "Cytos"

From Scarborough

"I am more than pleased with 'Cytos,' and as I cannot yet get it from my grocer I must trouble you to send me two seven-pound bags by post. I am recommending it to all my friends."

From Peckham

"My housekeeper is well satisfied with 'Cytos,' and thinks it goes farther than ordinary flour. Certainly I enjoy her productions with it."

From Brighton

"Your 'Cytos' flour gives every satisfaction. Please let me have a figure for larger quantities. I have tried it for Gingerbread, Ginger Cakes, Ginger-bread Snaps and Pancakes, and think it unique. It is satisfactory both in working and in results."

From Nelson, Lancs.

"I am highly pleased with 'Cytos' flour, and shall certainly continue to use it; and if I find I cannot get it in this district I shall send direct to you for it."

From Norwich

"Your 'Cytos' makes excellent cakes. I am asking our grocer to stock it, and if there is any difficulty I shall continue to get it direct from you."

From Chichester

"I like 'Cytos' very much—just as much as I dislike ordinary white flour."

From Nottingham

"I find that 'Cytos' makes delicious Gingerbread and Ginger Cakes, and is also very good for Scones and Spice Cakes. I had a five-stone bag just recently and have been experimenting largely, making cakes for our military hospital."



After washing the hands

care should be taken to dry them thoroughly, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping." A little

BEETHAM'S La-rola

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the Skin Soft and White and free from all Roughness and Redness. Cultivate the La-rola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your Hands.

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STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN



RELIEVE
FEVERISH
HEAT,
PREVENT
FITS, ETC.

and preserve a
Healthy state of the
Constitution.
These Powders contain
NO POISON.

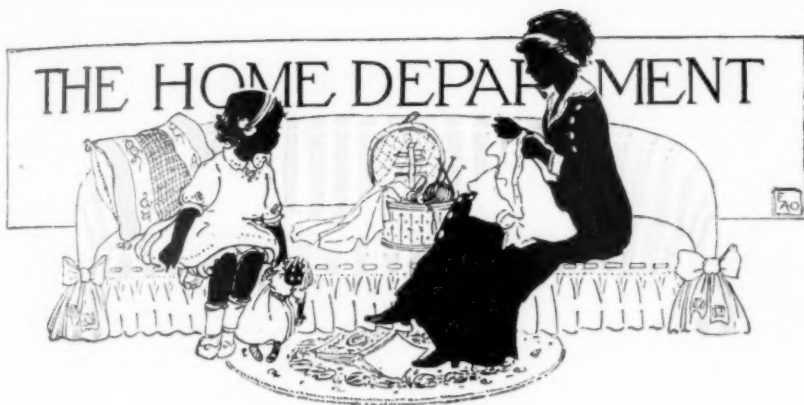
The Complexion in Winter

When the air is Crisp and Biting, when it causes **Redness** and **Roughness** of the Skin, **Chaps**, or **Chilblains**, Ladies should use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

which is most **Soothing** and **Healing** to the Skin, removes all cutaneous defects, renders harsh and rough **Skin** beautifully **Soft** and **Smooth**, and imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion, which it will keep in perfect condition all the year round. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON. **Though the Government stamp duty on this article has been doubled, it will still be sold in the usual 2/3 and 4/6 sized bottles—no increased price is asked for it.**

THE HOME DEPARTMENT



RETURNING HOSPITALITIES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

WITH the advent of the New Year, the thoughts of the hospitable hostess naturally turn towards the entertaining of her friends. If the family is still in its school-hood, the Christmas holidays are usually more or less devoted to parties and juvenile functions of various kinds, while the senior members find the long dark evenings pass quickly and pleasantly in the company of congenial companions and kindred spirits.

Entertaining, as we have hitherto understood the word—its meaning being translated into dancing, amateur theatricals, card parties, and so on—has, for the time being, been set aside, and many persons look askance on any social gathering, however simple and informal,

during the morning, gives up her afternoons to her particular "bit," returning home in time to give the school children their last meal and see the little ones safely tucked up in bed. In such households, before the war, the fathers and mothers were accustomed to spend quiet social evenings at the houses of relatives and friends, and in their turn offer similar entertainments to their occasional guests.

Reasonable Service

Last winter such social gatherings were of very rare occurrence. We were restless, unsettled, and imagined that such relaxations might be considered thoughtless and unkind, but by this time most of us have realised that we can perform our additional war duties best by endeavouring to lead normal and reasonable lives, and that it is neither necessary nor advisable to cut ourselves adrift from our fellow-citizens. A medical man, to whom I recently spoke on this subject, was pleased to cordially agree with these sentiments, and even went so far as to say that there would be fewer nervous breakdowns (and these are unfortunately becoming more and more frequent amongst irrational workers) if people would try to interest themselves again in books, music and all the other things that formerly made life pleasant. I am sure many of my readers will agree with him, that the last hours of a busy day are better employed in

Not Unpatriotic

In my own opinion there is no reason why meeting one's friends and discussing with them the absorbing topics of the day should be considered wrong, unfeeling, or unpatriotic. We are all, in some measure, occupied during the day, and often far into the night, with some kind of war work, and it is not good for our mental or physical welfare to let this absorb all our thoughts or energies.

I am, of course, referring to the ordinary suburban household, where the father, too old for active service, is engaged so many evenings on some voluntary war work. The mother, busy with her household duties

THE QUIVER

playing, singing, or a game of patience or bridge than in reading the latest war edition of the evening papers, or discussing the probability of a Zeppelin raid. We women are given to brooding if left too much to our own resources, and as the war work on which our husbands are engaged must perforce occupy the after-business hours, we are doomed to spend many lonely evenings.

Would it not be a good plan for the lonely ones to meet and spend these evenings together, needleworking, whilst one of the party reads from some light and amusing book, discussing housewifery (a never-failing topic of interest nowadays), their own and the children's clothes, or the hundred and one subjects that women love to talk over when together? It could usually be arranged that the husbands could call for their wives, and after light refreshments of hot coffee or soup, sandwiches and cake, escort them safely home. I am sure many husbands would start out on their work with more contented minds if they knew that their wives were in the company of friends, and not sitting at a solitary hearth, while from the women's point of view there can be no possible doubt of the advisability of such an arrangement.

What about the Children?

And what about the children? Are they to be doomed to the solitary confinement of a nursery or schoolroom during the wet days and dark afternoons which we must expect at this time of the year?

This would be a very real hardship for young people, and one that would surely react on their health and spirits—to say nothing of the effect on the nerves of those in authority.

Give half a dozen children a sparsely-furnished room, provide them with some old clothes, in which they can "dress up," or materials out of which they can fashion a tent or play hospital, and they will be perfectly happy. A few pence expended on chocolates (or, better still, let them compound some home-made goodies on the previous afternoon), some fruit and nuts to be prizes for a series of competitive games or competitions, and a dreary afternoon will pass with incredible swiftness, and the children be much better tempered and amenable at bedtime than if they had spent the day

in desultory wandering about the house or reading morbid newspaper literature.

The question of expense will naturally be raised, for all of us feel that, beyond the necessary upkeep of the home and the housekeeping and clothing expenditure, all surplus money should be placed at the disposal of those who need assistance, or invested in the war loan.

In the first place, such hospitalities as I have suggested would cost very, very little. The grown-ups would be quite content with two or three plates of sandwiches, a home-made cake, coffee, and possibly cups of hot soup for the men-folk. An outlay of two or three shillings would buy everything necessary for such refreshments, and the expense would not fall on any individual housewife oftener than once in three or four weeks. It would certainly be advisable to lay down hard and fast rules when planning such an arrangement, because there are, unfortunately, some women who like to try to out rival their friends, forgetting that such actions are neither more nor less than ill-bred snobbishness. The children's tea would naturally be on the same simple scale. A party of six guests with three little hosts or hostesses could tea royally off scones, a brown loaf, potted meat, jam or honey, and an iced sandwich cake. Every item of the menu (excepting only the honey—which is always a great treat for children) would be home-made, therefore cheap, yet thoroughly wholesome and much appreciated. Here are recipes for some of the suggested dainties:

Soda Scones

One lb. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk.

Mix the bicarbonate of soda, cream of tartar and salt together, being careful to crush out any lumps. Put the flour into a basin, add the other dry ingredients, and mix to a light dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board, divide into pieces, shape into scones, and bake on a floured tin in a warm oven. Can be eaten either hot or cold, and any that are left over can be toasted next day.

Delicious Plain Scones

Three breakfastcupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate



A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

LUX is indeed a friend of the family.
Big folks and little folks wear in
comfort the clothes washed with **LUX**.

LUX is a unique washing preparation specially adapted to the washing of Flannels, Woollens, Lace, Hosiery, Delicate and Dainty Fabrics. It prevents the texture of loosely woven fabrics from matting and shrinking in the wash. **LUX** is good for every form of refined cleanliness—splendid for Shampooing the hair.

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DIPLOMA STYLE 107 & 108

In Glace
Kid
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Calf with
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11/9

Dainty "Diploma" Dress Shoes.

FOR smart evening wear nothing could be more desirable than the shoe illustrated. Made of soft black velvetta calf on the chic, but thoroughly comfortable, new French last, or in Glace Kid in the same shape, it is so flexible, light and dainty that it fits the foot like a glove. There are other styles for all occasions. Please write for booklet.

The
Diploma
Shoe

NORVIC SHOE CO.
(Howlett & White, Ltd.), NORWICH.

CONSUMPTION

OUR present medical authorities say there is no known cure for Consumption at the present day, but they will not condescend to officially test what has been proved to be this long sought for commodity, though sixty thousand souls, mostly the cream of the rising generation, are sacrificed each year to this disease whilst a remedy which would eradicate it is ignored by the authorities. Here is an instance:—

Mr. George Sabin, who lived at 63 Bestwood Road, Hucknall Torkard, Notts, in January, 1912, was suffering from Consumption, had been unable to work since the previous May, used to bring up a lot of expectoration. The trouble had also extended to the throat, and, generally speaking, was in a hopeless condition as far as orthodox medicine was concerned. In that month, January, he commenced with Stevens' treatment, with the result that he was granted a release of life; not only that, but he is now on

ACTIVE SERVICE

with the British Expeditionary Force in France. He enlisted when war was declared, went out to France in the first week of January, was in the commencement of the charge of Neuve Chapelle, was in the great fight on the 9th and 10th May, and about a week ago was still enjoying the very best of health. At the present time everyone reading this notice will trust that he is still quite well. Full particulars of the remedy which has granted Mr. Sabin a new lease of life, and enabled him to serve his King and Country, with detailed records of a large number of other cases, will be gladly sent free of charge to anyone requesting same; moreover, if you are suffering yourself and are not in the very last stages of the disease, you may have an undertaking to completely cure you to the satisfaction of your own doctor before you need pay a single penny. Our address: Chas. H. Stevens, 204 and 206 Worples Road, Wimbledon, London.



"Real good toffee always did appeal to me—that's why I eat Mackintosh's now."

It's the one sweet that delights grown-ups, and its pure deliciousness never fails to captivate

the children—it's pure, wholesome and nutritious—cannot pall or satiate.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE LUXE
MINT DE LUXE

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh way."

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint.

Ref. 11

4 lb. tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb. loose, from all Confectioners; sold also in 1/- tins.

RETURNING HOSPITALITIES

of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, butter size of walnut, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, enough milk to form a stiff dough.

Mix the salt, sugar and flour, and rub in the butter. Mix the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, stir them into a little milk, and pour into the dry ingredients, adding more milk if necessary. Roll out half an inch thick, cut into convenient shapes and sizes, and bake in a hot oven.

Potted meat, as I have explained in a former article, can be quickly made from scraps of cooked meat, chicken, etc., pounded or very finely minced, and flavoured with pepper, salt, any liked spice or anchovy essence. A few flakes of boiled fish moistened with mayonnaise, and placed between slices of bread, make excellent sandwiches, and a very good imitation of *pâté de foie gras* can be made by pounding a couple of ounces of cooked calf's liver with seasonings. Half a pint of shelled shrimps, softened with a little salt butter, and flavoured with pepper and a pinch of mace, will provide filling for a number of sandwiches sure of keen appreciation.

Swiss Roll

Four eggs, 4 oz. flour, 6 oz. sugar, 4 table-spoonfuls milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, jam.

Beat the eggs till they are light and creamy (this takes 10 to 15 minutes to get a good result). Add the flour and sugar very gradually, sprinkling, not beating, it into the eggs. Stir in the milk and baking powder. Pour into a baking tin, which has been lined with a well-buttered sheet of cooking paper. Cook for ten minutes. Whilst hot spread with slightly warmed jam and roll up quickly. If the edges of the roll have baked crisp, trim them off before attempting to roll, otherwise they will crack and will look unsightly. This mixture can also be baked in two

sandwich tins, and when cold spread with any liked filling, and iced.

A simple icing for both roll and cake is made by mixing icing sugar with lemon juice. Cream filling is made by stirring icing sugar to the well-whisked whites of 2 eggs, and adding any approved flavouring to the mixture. Simple icings and fillings of this description are wholesome and good for children. More elaborate individual cakes can be made by cutting the roll into slices, or the sandwiches into segments, and covering each with icing. A few glacé cherries or pieces of preserved fruits or ginger add to the party appearance.

I hope that all of my readers are well stocked with home-made jams, but if the store cupboard shelves are beginning to look bare, the following recipe for apricot jam made from dried fruit will probably be welcome. This jam is always in use in my own household, and the flavour is so delicious and the appearance so good, that it is with difficulty that I can convince those who partake of the preserve that dried and not fresh fruit is used in making it.

Apricot Jam

One lb. dried apricots, $4\frac{1}{2}$ pints cold water, 4 lb. sugar, 3 oz. blanched almonds.

Wash the apricots, and let them soak in $4\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water for twenty-four hours. Next day put the preserving pan on the fire, and let the fruit boil till quite soft and tender. Add the sugar and cut-up almonds and boil for about three-quarters of an hour, or until the jam sets when tried on a cold plate. The above proportions make 7 to 8 lb. of jam. It is advisable to buy the best quality of fruit, and as loaf and preserving sugar are not now available, use white granulated. I have not yet experimented with dried peaches, pears, etc., but am told that they can be substituted for apricots in this recipe with excellent result.



GUARDING BRITAIN'S SHORES

The Proud Record of the "Arethusa" and "Chichester"

WE all know of the exploits of the *Saucy Arethusa*—in history and in this present war. But there is another *Arethusa* that has done work as good, if more in the background than its namesake of Heligoland Bight. The *Arethusa* and its sister ship the *Chichester* form the fleet of Training Ships of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. In times of peace this noble institution has been quietly taking the little wayfaring children stranded at the outset of life, has given them shelter and training, and sent them forth equipped for the battle of life.

This it has been enabled to do by the stream of gifts poured in by people wise enough to recognise the good work being done by the Homes. Now that good work is being rewarded, for over 600 of the boys trained by the institution are now with the colours, guarding England's shores from invasion and desolation.

Feeling the Pinch

Meanwhile, however, the Homes are feeling the pinch. Funds have been badly hit by the war, and it is necessary to send out an urgent appeal for help.

It is only needful to read the letters from Old Boys that pour into the Home, to see what an Imperial service this institution has rendered to the country. They write from "somewhere" in the North Sea, the Dardanelles, the Pacific, France, and—the vague, all-embracing "C/o G.P.O., London." Here, one Old Boy tells of the exploit of the *Sydney* in sinking the *Emden*; another had his ship blown up under him in the Dardanelles. Another says, "This is a fine life. You could not wish for better as long as you keep clean and behave." Says another, "Am proud of the old Home, and I think it is splendid the way some of the fellows are getting on in the different regiments. Very sad poor — going under, as he was a nice fellow, and was

always a credit to the old Home, but it is a fine death to die, and I am sure he met his death bravely. . . ."

And so the tale goes on: all willing to do or die, all proud of the old Home that sent them forth. Some have done deeds of daring—no less than three have won the D.C.M.

The Old Boys

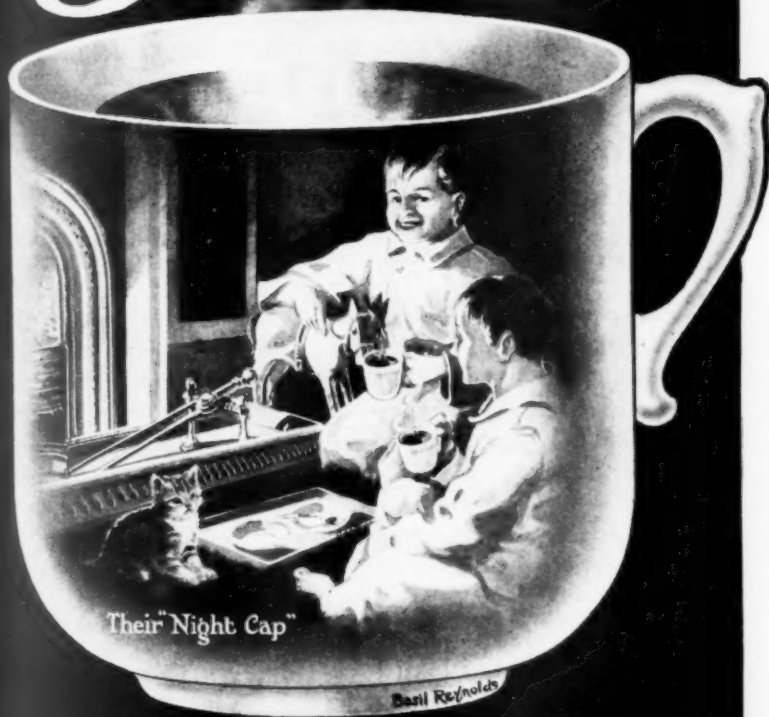
One splendid feature of the institution is the way in which it keeps in touch with the Old Boys. Of the children who have passed out from the Homes, 7,000 have taken good places in the Colonies, 2,200 have gone into the Navy and 1,500 into the Army. Three thousand girls have been trained for domestic service. Wherever they go the love and interest of the workers follows them, and the tie that binds them to their old Home is a very real one. At the last Old Boys' day there were 300 present to show their continued interest. Indeed, often the interest takes the practical form of financial help; for instance, one boy in Canada recently sent a donation of 100 dollars to the Homes.

The whole work of the Society is marked by efficiency. Their country schools are ahead of the elementary school standards. Careful attention is given to technical education, and there is a special two-years' course for the boys who show the greatest ability in their London workshops.

Mr. Henry G. Copeland has been joint Secretary of the National Refuges for twenty-seven years, and keeps a close eye upon the whole organisation.

The war has proved—if fresh proof were needed—the efficiency and usefulness of the Homes; but the war has depleted the coffers of the Society. We all of us are grateful for those who are bravely defending our shores; our gratitude is due also to those who have fitted these young fellows for their work at the Front and on the high seas.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST COCOA



Cosy Comfort in a Cup of FRY'S

When children go to bed a cup of Fry's acts as a natural sedative and makes an ideal "nightcap" for them. It is an unfailing restorative and easily assimilated. It is also a wise precaution to give FRY'S after a bath.

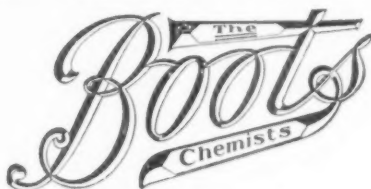
Purity and Security

All drugs supplied by Boots have to answer every known test for purity, or they are rigidly rejected. Over a thousand analyses are made every month, and the tests imposed are not merely those of the British Pharmacopœia, but tests far more stringent than those required by the British Pharmacopœia. As "Truth" states in reviewing the business of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., "A passion for purity is displayed in regard to every article."

And though purity is vitally important, freshness is almost equally so. Medicine made up of stale drugs cannot possibly be of maximum efficiency. You cannot even be certain that it is medicinally active. Owing to the careful system of checking the supplies at their 555 Branches it is practically impossible to obtain stale drugs at Boots. The stocks at all their establishments are periodically tested and any drug showing the least sign of deterioration immediately destroyed.

Your own security depends upon the purity and freshness of the drugs you purchase.

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The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted
by
Alison



Motto.
"By Love
Serve One Another"

How, When and
Where Corner,
January, 1916

MY DEAR BOY AND GIRL, FRIENDS,—
Once more a greeting for you—"A Very Happy New Year" to each who has a place on our long roll of Companions. I wish for each one of you that 1916 may bring such peace and happiness as shall vanquish the shadows that may have fallen on you and yours in 1915.

This letter to you is being written, of course, before the Old Year closes. What the New Year may bring for our Empire and us we do not foresee. Let us hope it will bring the foundation laying of a lasting peace and the time of the rebuilding of a wiser and nobler life for all; but we must go forward with courage and "greet the unseen with a cheer."

That reminds me of what I wanted to ask of you for the New Year. Will you each determine—among the other "good resolutions" of the season—that you will be a Cheerful Comrade to any and all you may be with in the coming days and weeks and months? I propose that we each make a resolution to that effect, and that we resolve loyally to carry it out.

A Companionship of Sunshine Bringers

The Cheerful Comrade is one of the greatest blessings of life in these days. And I think it will be a thoroughly fitting business for our Companions that they should shoulder this responsibility—determining that as far as possible they will be the sunshine bringers and the happy optimists of their home circles and within the radius of their influence beyond. Of all the tiresome and harmful influences of the last year the pessimists were among the worst.

The Cheerful Comrade is not to be a maker of incessant jokes or a teller of silly stories, nor a merely flippant person. A sane and true optimist is one who has the quiet, the dignity and the strength that come from standing firmly by the belief that God has not left His heaven, but that He is still above all, and that in the end all will be well. And if you, dear Chums, can think things out frankly with yourselves, and come to that conclusion, then you will have the first qualification for being the Cheerful Comrade. After the long dark night of the war months the

world will need tremendously your sunshine and joy-bringing. It will need the love and warmth and the invigoration that can only come from the optimist. Ugh!—how the croakers and grumblers, the pessimists, make one shiver! You know the chilly sensation—the "horrid creepy feeling down my spine," as a girl friend remarked once to me, apropos of an Inveterate Pessimist—that comes over you when you are in contact with a gloomy, depressing person. And you know the comfy, bracing—I-feel-as-though-I-were-growing—sensations that you have when with one who has a wide, bright outlook and cheery spirit.

So let me charge you with this new purpose for the New Year. You will be surprised at the effect a high optimism will have on yourselves—physically and mentally, and, of course, spiritually also. And I doubt not the results to others. Our motto will have a fresh significance, and its spirit will radiate more and more beauty and helpfulness and service wherever you Companions come and go in the world. You remember the song:

Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way,
Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow.
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

Another Soldier Companion

I felt proud on reading the manly letter that came to me from one of our Companions who had just arrived in England. He had come with 150 from Grenada, in the West Indian contingent—men who had responded to the call "for King and Country." "Our voyage was quite a pleasant one," he wrote, "of sixteen days; there were recruits from — and —, in all about 800. I am glad to be given the opportunity, and will do my best for my King and Empire."

Would ALLISON LAIDLAW or any other of our older boy Companions care to undertake to write to this comrade while he is training here in England? I shall be delighted to forward the full address, if so.

From Australian Members and Others

I have, as so often happens, an interesting budget of foreign letters. Here is one, for example, from ERICA WELSH (Australia):

"I am sending you," she writes, "my collection for Special Effort Day. I would like it to be more,

THE QUIVER

but I really found it impossible to get above 10s. If every Companion sent 10s. I guess we would treble that anonymous £25."

Erica was among the noble army of workers for our Birthday Effort.

The same mail brought a letter from ALLIE. She and Erica had tried to make £1 between them for our Day, and they accomplished this. Part of Allie's gift was earned by clerical work for her father, and her "Saturday penny for sweets" had been going regularly into her collecting box.

ESSIE DALEY is another Australian correspondent whose letter is in my pile to-day. She had been much pleased with her prize. "Father read it aloud while mother and I sewed," she remarks. She had been busy packing up a year of THE QUIVER to give to a lady missionary who was just off to China. "Success to the Corner and our Allies," is Essie's goodbye. She tells me in a second letter the following little story:

A Small Boy's Self-sacrifice

"DEAR ALISON,—One day as I was going to town in the tram I saw an act that you would like to hear of. By the tram stopping places are wire baskets for disused tram tickets and other refuse. At one of these I saw something move, and on looking closer found it to be a small boy of about six or seven. He was looking very intently for something. The boy was in the basket, which stood about four feet I should imagine. On the outside was a smaller boy of about four or five; he was watching very intently the doings of the other in the basket. Presently I saw the one in the basket emerge with something in his hand, and what do you think the treasure was? A ginger-nut biscuit. He at once gave it to the little fellow waiting outside. Whether the smaller boy saw it first from outside I cannot say, but it was a treasure which the boy who was in the basket would have liked himself. I was so very sorry that I had business down the town, or I should certainly have bought the little fellows something to eat."

"To me it seemed a self-sacrifice. Both the boys looked hungry. We did not have time to see if there were any more treasures in the basket. But I think there were not. Do you not think this was lovely? I do, and I sincerely wish there were more of it done. Both father and I saw this done, as the tram stopped, and it is still fresh in our minds. —Lovingly yours, ESSIE DALEY."

Nearly all our Australian letters this month contain gifts to our Fund, by the way.

MILDRED ELLIOTT, writing from Western Australia, speaks of "Miss Quixote," the short serial most of us have been interested in.

"I like it very much indeed," she wrote, "although I was awfully amused at the description of the plant which the party mistook for a savage. They are called 'black boys,' and we have heaps of them growing here, but really and truly I don't think they are very much like savages. When chopped up they burn beautifully, and are in great demand for lighting fires."

I might say, by the way, that it has been pleasant to read this month a good number of requests for badges. Perhaps, for the sake of newer members, I might note here that the badge of our Companionship may be had in silver at 2s. 6d., or in good wearing gilt metal for 1s. There are three shapes—brooch, pen-

dant, and pin. And it is a pretty badge, too, all say who see it.

Before I pass on I must acknowledge the following kind letter from Liverpool:

A Pleasant Anonymous Letter

"DEAR ALISON,—I have ventured to send the enclosed scrap-book, trusting you may find some use for it and the old Christmas cards this coming season. From one who is greatly interested in your Corner, and a constant reader of THE QUIVER.—Yours truly, E. A. B.

"P.S.—Enclosed 2s. towards the deficit."

Many thanks from all of us for the gift to our Fund, and the book will certainly find a welcome in the large circle of poor little Londoners known to me.

A Maori Haka

WINNIE SALMON sent all the way from New Zealand for a badge the other day. Here is a paragraph from her letter:

"Last night my sister and I had to go over to town to post some letters. A company of Maori soldiers came on board. We knew the lieutenant in charge of them, so we asked him to please ask the Maoris to give us a haka. After a little coaxing one Maori led about twenty others in a haka. They all sang a love song in Maori and ended up with the National Anthem."

A Red Cross and Violet Fund Sale

was held by DORA GREAVES (Yorks) as her S.E.D. work. She got it up by herself, and her friends helped her so generously that she was able to make over £1 10s. Of this sum she sends us ten shillings, for which we send our united affectionate thanks.

Let me now introduce to you New Companions

ELSIE D. C. GIBSON lives in Ayrshire. She is eleven years old, and had started a vest for the knitting competition.

BRYCE WILLINGTON BIRD (age 6) and FITZ BIRD (age 8) are additions to our membership in Ireland. Bryce writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am joining the How, When and Where Corner, and send 2s. to help towards Philip.—Yours sincerely, BRYCE WILLINGTON BIRD."

"P.S.—Fitz also sends 1s. in stamps for Violet."

MAHEL D. HALL (age 13½) lives in Essex.

"My mother has taken in THE QUIVER for fifteen years. I always read your Companionship Pages, and enjoy them very much. I have wanted to join for a long time, but could not make up my mind."

BETTY SCOTT (age 13) is a new London Companion. She tells me that the school to which she and her sister go is supporting a family of Belgians.

DOROTHY ROBERTS lives in Cheshire. She is twelve.

I hope for letters from all of these Companions soon.

It would be impossible to thank all my correspondents by name. But special thanks for letters are sent to the following:

KATHLEEN COOKE (Jamaica); VIOLET BOTT (Scotland); ANNIE FARNDALE (Yorks); DOROTHY

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

LITTEN (Somerset); ELIZABETH MARSHALL (Scotland); MARY BULLOCH (Ireland) (Only a very, very few letters of the many received, can be put in THE QUITTER, Mary); MARGARET HARDING (Wilts); EDNA BURGESS (Lincs): ("If it were not for prayer, I don't know how we should live through this time of sorrow and sadness," says Edna, in the course of her kind letter); JEANIE MACLEAN (Scotland); MARJORIE HEARD (London); HERIOT HUGHES (London) (thank you for the booklet, Heriot); KATHLEEN PETERS (Yorks); WINNIE WOOD (London), who says "It is a fine idea that of giving one cent for each year of our lives, so I have enclosed 9d., since I am 18 years old" KATHLEEN THOMPSON (Cumberland).

A Summer-time Story Competition

I have a good number of requests for a story-writing competition. Perhaps many of you will enjoy trying to put yourselves in imagination, during these long January evenings, into the beautiful summer days to which we look forward. Therefore the stories in the new competition shall be summer-time stories. The scene may be anywhere—here in this everyday world, or in the realms of Fairyland. But they must be happy stories: 750 words is the longest length permissible. Each manuscript must reach me by January 31st (a month later for Companions abroad). Each one must bear the full name and address and age of the writer, and also a pseudonym for use in our Pages. And the manuscript must be sent flat, not rolled.

I hope very many members will go in for this competition.

The Letter Prize for this month is being sent to ESSIE DALEY (Australia). One was also awarded last month to the writer of

A Red Cross Nurse Companion at Work

"You ask for a little account of my doings as a Red Cross Nurse" (says one of our members). "Well, that is rather a difficult matter, as I have had so many interesting experiences that it is hard to stop when once I have begun to write about them.

"I suppose our Red Cross Hospital is like scores of others scattered all over the country—just a large private house, or, maybe, a school building, fitted up to be as like a general hospital as possible, and, in order to reduce expense, run practically by voluntary helpers. The wards hold from four to six beds each, and of course there is an operating theatre or surgery. The workers may be divided into four sections—first the 'cooks' in the kitchen, girls with the necessary first-aid and nursing certificates, who are perhaps not able to stand the sights that a nurse has to endure, yet are desirous of helping, so have passed their cookery exams. and are now doing a most useful work in providing dainty repasts to tempt the appetite of the wounded 'Tommy.' Then there are the 'maids' who scrub, brush, dust, and polish with right good will, so that no objectionable germs could possibly find a resting-place in any corner. Thirdly, there are the nurses who are expected to take their turn at being maids some time or other; and, finally, there is the quartermaster's section, where all the soiled linen is collected for the laundry, the clean linen aired, and tapes, buttons, and patches are the order of the day.

"Then there are the patients—a selection from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but one and all men to be proud of—found of a joke, even if it

be against themselves, and always ready to make the best of things, and more than willing to assist with the work of the hospital. Are there any brasses to be polished? Jones of the Welsh Fusiliers will do them, and demand the same job daily as his right. Is the ward floor to be polished? There is a Royal Engineer who can, and will, make it shine again.

"From time to time little concerts are arranged, in which patients and nurses take part, and hearty cheers and loud encores greet the wounded comrade who renders 'Sister Susie' and many other favourites; while one man who possessed a splendidly trained voice would be worn out did he attempt to comply with the constant demands for his songs.

"With the sanction of the matron we spent many pleasant musical evenings when nurses and men sang well-known choruses together in the mess room, and something in that singing brought tears to my eyes several times. There is that song, 'Keep the home fires burning,' for one. Just imagine that sung by about thirty men who have tasted the horrors of war, and who know what it is to be homesick! That was sung over and over again, and then, just in case we should get downhearted, someone would suggest a ragtime, when a regular clamour for 'Mississippi' would follow, during the singing of which the unfortunate pianist was threatened with collapse frequently through suppressed laughter.

"Bedtime was perhaps the greatest trial of my life. Fancy having to persuade a dozen fairly strong, and convalescent, young men to retire at 8.30 when they are convinced that 9.30 was on the early side! Threatening was no use; coaxing rather more to the purpose. Private A would say, 'Look here; Privates B and C haven't gone to bed yet. I'll go if you can get them to go'—little thinking that B and C would be persuaded to go. However, I found the best plan was to lay the matter before B and C, appeal to their honour, and then report triumphantly to A and lead him off to bed. Even that didn't dispose of everything. To paraphrase the old saying, 'You can lead a man to his ward, but you can't make him get into bed!' And when, after nervously hovering outside the doors for five minutes before sufficient courage could be summoned for the entry, I finally plunged into the wards for 'Lights out,' it was often to find two or three men still dressed, seated on the beds chatting. Oh! the relief when, eventually, each man between his sheets, I could report 'Lights out—all well' to Matron, and make way for the night nurses. I remember one of my patients had a dressing on his shoulder, and usually, at about 8.45, he was to be encountered prowling round, dressing in hand, in search of me to fix it on again, as it invariably dropped off at bedtime."

A Scottish correspondent, ELEANOR CHAMBERS-HUNTER, wrote to me:

"DEAR ALISON,—We are spending our holidays at Edzell this year. It is a lovely place in Forfarshire, at the foot of the Grampians. Our house is not far from a pretty arch erected in memory of the late Earl and Countess of Dalhousie. There are beautiful pine woods quite near. One day we went for a drive to Fettercairn; the scenery is lovely, and at the hotel we saw the room that the late Queen Victoria and Prince Consort slept in in 1861. It is very small, and so plainly furnished, and it has been left exactly as it was when occupied by them. One day we spent at — and saw two aeroplanes flying; they looked like two large birds. There is a large aerodrome there. We also spent an enjoyable afternoon in Brechin, and visited the ancient cathedral. The chandelier in the middle aisle is over three hundred years old, and is called the Hearse. It is now a Presbyterian place of worship, but in days gone by it was Roman Catholic. On the common at the

THE QUIVER

end of this village five hundred officers and men of the — are in camp. My third brother is with them, so to our joy we see a great deal of him, and often go down to see the men drilling. It is most interesting, and I think they work very hard. My two elder brothers came home from Ceylon to fight for their country. The eldest is in the Seaforth Highlanders, and the second is in the Gordon Highlanders. My little brother and I have been sending picture post cards of this pretty place to some of the wounded soldiers we go to see in the hospital in Aberdeen. We are still busy knitting for our brave soldiers at the front. My little brother is knitting his second pair of cuffs.—With love from ELEANOR CHAMBERS-HUNTER."

Among the interesting holiday letters are those from KATE EDWARDS (Suffolk) and DOROTHY DUNGWORTH (Yorks). Here are two extracts from them. Says Kate:

"We left home last Wednesday week, and came down here by our car, taking three days on the journey. Perhaps it would interest you to hear the way we came. The first day we came through Colchester and Bishop's Stortford, where we had lunch, and then came on towards London; we touched the suburbs going through Watford and Rickmansworth, to Slough; there we turned off and went down to see Eton and Windsor. We had never been there before, so of course we were very interested in seeing the Castle. We just went down to see the Long Walk, and were very lucky, because just as we got there Princess Mary came along, driving a pair of grey horses in a carriage. You can imagine we were pleased, when I tell you that she is the first member of the King's family that we have seen so well. After that we came on to Maidenhead for the night.

"Before progressing the next morning we visited Boulter's Lock, and then went on through Reading and arrived at Marlborough in Wiltshire for lunch. In the afternoon we went through Devizes, stopped at Frome for tea, and then on again through Glastonbury to Taunton for the night. The last day of our journey we passed through Barnstaple, and arrived here in time for tea. I wonder if you know anything of the country we came through. Most of it was exceedingly pretty, but of course the last day's journey was really the most beautiful, because of the prettily wooded hills. I am afraid, though, that we did not enjoy it as much as we ought, because we were by that time getting rather tired. Dad, Ethel, and I took it in turns to drive, so there was not so much strain on the driver! We had quite nice weather, too, considering the bad weather we had before we started—and indeed since we have been here—having only a few short showers the whole three days. We leave here Monday week, and hope to get home the following Wednesday, going by a slightly different route, and will thus complete a

three weeks' holiday. Our soldiers had to leave us as we were coming away, poor boys! They didn't like it; they said it was as bad as leaving home again! They were still at — when we left, but I don't know if they have moved on somewhere now, because we have written to them and have received at present no answer."

Dorothy had a holiday in Derbyshire, and describes various interesting days:

"Next morning a party of friends came into Derbyshire, and we went to meet them. They included many Belgian refugee friends and a Belgian officer who had come direct from the trenches. I and a minister were the only members of the group who could speak French, and I had some fine fun acting as interpreter. We went to Eyam, a little village known as the 'Athens of the Peak,' owing to its tragic history. Whilst the Great Plague was raging in London in 1665, a wretched tailor sent a parcel of clothes to Eyam, and they spread the disease through the village. The better-class people fled, only the clergyman named Mompesson and a curate stayed behind to minister to the poor villagers, and in a few months only ninety were left out of a population of 350. We saw the little dell wherein Mompesson conducted his services during this awful time, and also the well where they washed the money before it passed out of the village. We went in the old church, and I saw the graves of my ancestors, including that of my namesake, who died in 1771; also the sundial and the Saxon Cross. Coming through the village, our Belgian friends, being in holiday mood, sang their National Anthem, and the Marseillaise, and the villagers came out. Whilst we were driving home we pulled up to let a motor-car pass. The occupants were also Belgians, and cheered and waved when they recognised our officer's uniform. It was very exciting and enthusiastic, and one no longer wondered at the splendid fight put up by the Belgians during the last year."

Your affectionate
Companion,

Phon.

P.S.—I think "no news" must be "good news" as regards our Canadian protégés. Here is Philip's school report. That is good, you see:

"Reading, Very Good; Spelling, Very Good; Writing, Very Good; Composition, Very Good; Arithmetic, Very Good; Geography, Good; English History, Very Good; Scripture, Good; Elementary Science, Good; Drawing and Colour Work, Very Fair; Woodwork, Very Good; Conduct, Very Good; Conduct in Home, Satisfactory; Health, Good."



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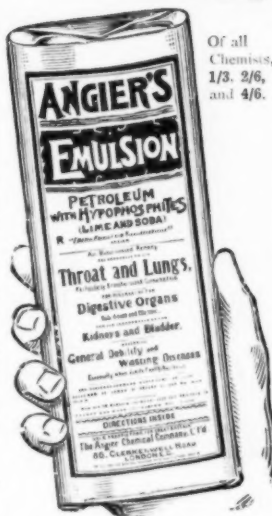
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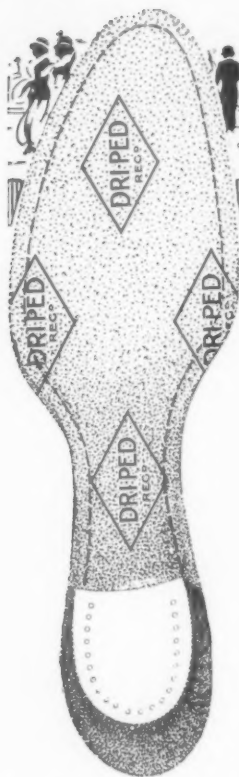
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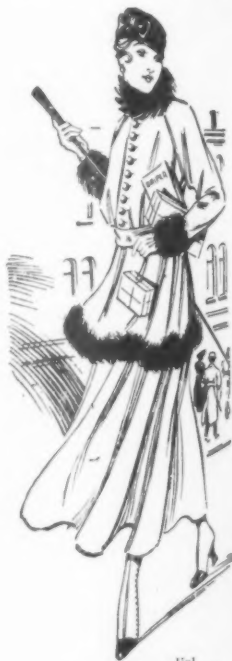
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